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VII

# PARIS

## PAST AND PRESENT

EDITED BY CHARLES HOLME

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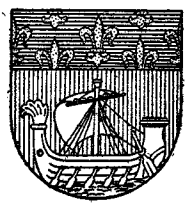

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# PREFATORY NOTE

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PLAN OF PARIS, CIRCA 1630

# INTRODUCTION

PARIS is not a city whose praises still wait to be sung. Poets, writers and artists have left us everlasting memories of her land, to which they still flock for visions, old and new, as to a realm of dreams. Nor need they feel like strangers in her ways, for her open gates are hospitable to all, and the willing one may read the fairy history of France imprinted on her walls, in every lane and street, in church and open place. But the story is not always gay. Often have I wondered at that joyous prefix to her name. For she has borne no meagre share of sadness in her time; and if one lifts the hilarious veil from her almost monthly fêtes, and seeks their origin beyond the day's confettied way, it is a blood-red city that imagination evokes. Yet, like a rosebush that has been robbed of its fair blooms, and pruned by jealous neighbours of its spreading branches, the root revives each Spring and stronger grows. Her land, loved by her people, flourishes anew; they tend her wounds and she, with them, though not forgetful of the sores whose marks remain in monuments, soon smiles again. It is to that laughing Paris most people go, returning with poor souvenirs of a city they have never known, of that true Paris they have never seen; with few exceptions, artists alike share with them, though perhaps with more regrets, a hazy idea of the city in which the most momentous days of their student life has been spent.

And now the time has arrived when we must make haste if we would still see in busy streets, rather than in museums or tableted memories, the more intimate landmarks of her past; the wide-trousered workmen have been busy with an energetic pickaxe, and sanitary conditions call forth much architectural ugliness. Why this should be permitted by her citizens is difficult to realise. In no other city, perhaps in all the world, are they so mindful of natural beauty and so inherently artistic a people. "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité," in carved or printed letters, meets one at almost every turn, and one's *charbonnier* proves himself to be possessed of no unintelligent knowledge of art and takes an interest in preserving his loved city's memories. I think it was Sarah Grand who said, "Paris is not only a city for the rich, but also one for the poor." A freedom abounds there as nowhere else; the poorest has his chance of becoming the mightiest, and intelligence counts for more than clothes, despite Paris being the designing centre of fashion and finery. It is with the pageantry and life of her people that you must freely mix if you would know Paris. In her most squalid neighbourhoods you may meet with one whose name and presence yet may grace the Institut de France as poet, painter, or philosopher. It is in such districts that the city's greatness still lives, and pondering students own or share some ancient room of noble memories. It is down these streets, where busy merchants hang their many-coloured wares and spread their trestled counters decked

with toys, that you may pass a hundred times, unheeding a stately porch, an old courtyard with trees in bud and rough-flagged pathways, often trod in olden days by white-wigged aristocrats, or, it may be, some less obtrusive entrance, leading to broad, well-worn steps of oak which silken trains have often swept. Through these courtyards, byways and alleys you must go if you would see what still remains of olden Paris days. Expect not, however, to meet upon your way a beard-trimmed cavalier; but only some untamed artist who seeks, in coloured cube-like shapes, to discover the mystery of art and the future of himself; or maybe, in a corner further down the street, an eager etcher in whom the soul of Meryon lives again.

So old is this wondrous city, yet all that is new sifts through its heart, and nothing is neglected. Nowhere else is the last word in literature or the last painted thought so willingly accepted or so readily absorbed. A world within itself, a town within a town, it concerns itself little with the art and matters of another race, but as freely as it receives you it, too, as freely gives. Its outlook and life to-day have little changed since the Middle Ages, and not amongst the least picturesque aspects are the primitive methods used in maintaining its traditions. Yet its crowds are most orderly, and despite their impulsive nature, each man systematically takes his place; and if another unfairly usurps his position, all join with one accord to see him regain it.

There are still, as in other great cities, districts and streets where, after dark, one must not carry one's life too lightly. Even in daylight many of them, on account of their narrow and foreboding appearance and past and present associations, are best traversed in company; though it is but just to add that during all my sojourns in the most notorious quarters I have never met with a surly character or an ungracious reception. Perhaps it is that the average artist's pockets have been tried before and found wanting in other more substantial means of support than the unpawnable collection they generally contain.

But it is to the artist we must turn to find again the pictured Paris of the past, its ancient monuments and dwellings of to-day, the quayside and the river's sullen loads of barge-heaped merchandise and dreams. Even should her glories crumble and decay, and less memorable buildings take their place, we still can wander down the wide and narrow streets and build and people them again, as we, perhaps too sentimentally selfish, would have them stay to charm us in the City Beautiful, where yet so much remains that I, though not forgetful, have reluctantly passed by. The artists too, I fear, will fare no better at my hands throughout these written pages. Less imperfect though, their handiwork is there to indicate in sweeter, flowing lines some of the many past and present glories of the wondrous city.

# THE RIVER, BRIDGES AND QUAYS

THE Sequana of the ancient Parisii, the Seine of to-day, is a moody river, beneath whose sky-veiled face of grey lurks deep knowledge; deep, where it talks under the shadowed archways and grumbles past their staid supports, mumbling to them, as if they hindered its hungry siren message to the world, weary and tired—"Mine, all mine," it seems to say as it sullenly divides round the Ile St. Louis and laps by the Quai aux Fleurs—carrying with it, maybe, some wind-blown jessamine blossoms to a sea-maiden's wedding, or rose leaves and violets to ocean graves. Yet, of all rivers, I know of none other more artistically alluring. Passing through the heart of Paris, with its cargo of secret dreams and realities, its varied bridges, banks, and quays are an ever-changing and unending interest; no matter upon what speedy mission one is bent, one will unconsciously be forced to loiter by the swirling water with its hundred odd attractions. Crossing the point of her cité island, the aged and wide Pont Neuf majestically unites the Quai de Conti and the Quai du Louvre in front, the Quai des Grands Augustins and the Quai de la Mégisserie behind; one must linger awhile on this, the oldest bridge in Paris, whose fair name belies its age. The whole history of the city clings around its space and weathered stones, on which Royal blood has flowed and duellists have flashed their swords; while at the foot stood the old Water House with its story of Christ and the woman of Samaria. There, in the centre, sits King Henri, to whom carriage folk were forced to bow, and who in revolutionary days looked down upon the signatures of those defying kings whose cannons claimed his metalled effigy. Behind him the river and its story winds on to the sea; passing first under the iron Pont des Arts which spans the green water immediately in front of the statue, it curves its way from the Quai de Conti to the Quai du Louvre, carrying on its modern footway hasty and idling pedestrians who look like numberless little black specks. Artistically the Pont des Arts itself has little to commend it, but it is one beloved by artists. There is none other from which the island cité so fascinatingly appeals in paintable mass and skyline tracery: on the side benches, too, one may sit and dream for hours on the longer stretch of river and life passing under and over the Pont du Carrousel, the Pont Royal, and the Pont Solférino on to the Pont de la Concorde and the glinting gold decorations on the Pont Alexandre III, which unites the Quai d'Orsay to the Port des Champs Elysées. All along the quays new and old mingle, and tempting book boxes elicit your literary or artistic sympathies, that in them you may find a bound bargain or priceless print. That is rare, however, for these vendors know too well the worth of their wares. To accord to any one bridge or quay the position of pre-eminent interest would indeed be impossible; favourites one may have for purely

artistic and historical reasons, and others on account of some memory of early visits or quite modern associations. But each bridge has a distinct personality and charm.

Almost opposite the Pont des Arts, at No. 13 Quai de Conti, there is a little house, adjoining other buildings, which you may pass thousands of times; nothing of interest in its appearance, unless the bookshop below claims one's attention: the end window on the third storey looks out on to the river. From it, too, Napoleon looked out, for it was in its little room he lodged as a young lieutenant on leave from the Ecole Militaire. A little window of ambitious dreams, I think it must be. From it he could picture again a Spring day, the heavily laden *Coche d'Eau* crawling slowly up the river, and himself a young passenger gazing over the side of the cumbersome barge, with anxious expectant thoughts of what awaited him in the military school of wonderful Paris. A lieutenant as he looked from the window, I wonder did his dreams carry him to the Pont Neuf and the never completed obelisk and inscription, *L'Empereur Napoléon au Peuple Français !*

Across the bridge on the Quai du Louvre you may still find, amongst many a homely barge, cheery commandants and happy families who, if you show the spirit of good camaraderie, will welcome you to a passage to where they are bound, or for four sous the little steam *Bateaux-Parisiens* will carry you from Charenton up the river to St. Cloud and Suresnes. As evening approaches, there is perhaps nothing more wonderful than the river and quays as seen from the quaint little steamer creeping up at dusk, with the water lashing at its bows. All the city buildings dream of the past; sentinel soldier supports at the Pont de l'Alma watch you sullenly as you approach, and the flickering, reflecting lights dance in the water like variegated stars as the little boat cuts through them and loses them again by the Quai des Tuileries, to glide round the boat-shaped Ile de la Cité and its attendant Ile St. Louis. Artists and historians alike could spend months on both these islands and never exhaust their picturesque attractions and story.

Round the Quai des Orfèvres remnants still remind one of the many silversmiths' shops which gave the quay its name; too poetical, perhaps, for those who recall the story of ghastly horrors enacted there in the shops of a barber and baker—the former noted for his excellent shaving abilities, and later on account of many of his less regular clients mysteriously disappearing after entering his shop. Rumours of strange doings were rapidly associated with the agile barber's name, while those spoken of the baker's shop next door were full of nothing but praise for the delicacy of his *pâtés* and the excellence of his baking. Had it not been for the faithful dog of one of his less-known clients, the mystery might have remained a mystery still. By its keen search a gruesome discovery was made, revealing in the barber's shop a trap-door and the en-

trance to a cellar packed with human bones; and, still more awesome, a passage connecting the cellar to his neighbour's larder. Only, however, on being put to torture did the barber declare his guilt and prosperous partnership with his next-door neighbour, whose skill turned his unfortunate clients into famed pork pies!

A grim story, yet not more horrorful than the conciergerie tales those opposite towers could tell. Without them the Quai de l'Horloge would lose its only attraction, unless it be the fishers from its high walls, and they are not amongst the least picturesque attachments to the quays. Quaint fellows some of them are, and they can tell you just where the fish will run, though I have heard it said, by many an onlooker, that they have never seen one caught. I, however, have been more fortunate, and without a prolonged waiting. Once, as I watched a fisher's float go gaily by, an anxious-faced American said without a smile, "I guess these men must have unlimited time. I could never have the patience to put up with fishing. Why, I watched one man down there for two-and-a-half hours and he never caught a thing."

Strange, talkative people one meets with on the quays; perhaps they, like myself, wonder upon what errands you go and why you loiter there. But what a charming place those river banks are for the artist—rare and variable haunts, with bridge-arches a ready shade or shelter in sun and rain. Under them one could work for an age at a sitting, and of interesting subjects never grow tired at all. Barges, barges everywhere, gaily coloured, clean and delightful flower-decked palaces of romantic lives and heavy merchandise. Here by the Quai des Grands Augustins, where the river's haste seems less noticeable, they form a charming mass, with their broad white-crossed bows breaking up any monotonous lines and planes of colour against the busy Pont St. Michel and the not far-off towers of Notre-Dame.

Complementary to the Pont St. Michel, the Pont au Change joins the opposite banks of the isle to the busy Place du Châtelet, the Quai de Gesvres on its right, and the charming tree-lined Quai de la Mégisserie on its left. But the island ship is well supplied with its gangway of bridges. In front of Notre-Dame there are no less than seven, each with a distinct personality and charm of its own. Like a tow-rope, immediately behind Notre-Dame the little Pont St. Louis leads to the Ile of the same name. Despite the alluring quays and bridges of the greater Cité, when I think of Paris my heart goes out to the Pont Marie and the little dream Ile St. Louis. There one might be in a new world. A little peaceful city in itself, bound by more still-running waters, with just enough shops to supply one's wants, an ancient clock-towered church to toll the time and minister to one's less earthly desires. I have never grown tired of its Quai de Bourbon and its dark-barked trees, quaint wash-houses, surrounded here and there by little flat-bottomed fishing-

boats; save for the intermittent movement of an arm, their occupants might be sound asleep.

Then there is the Pont Marie, the second oldest bridge in Paris, with no special historical interest attached to it other than its age, beauty of design and proportion; a little akin, perhaps, to the Pont Royal, which probably accounts for the many pictures and postcards I have seen mistakenly bearing its name. Once on the Ile St. Louis, time and trouble seem not to exist; the temptation is to stay in its realm of calm and seeming indolent labour. When one looks from it to its close and greater companion, and marvels over its grim age and history, it seems hard to believe that, until the time of Louis XIII, this enchanted isle, composed really of two small islands, was nothing but rich green pastures for the cattle of the neighbouring monks, and was known in those days as the "Ile aux Vaches." Documents tell too of a banquet and pageant of scenes from the Old and New Testaments, given on the island in those days by Phillippe le Bel in honour of his English guest, Edward III. Of the scenes mentioned, a certain glowing account is attached to the description of costumes, of the "Martyrdom of John the Baptist," of "Pilate washing his Hands before the People of Jerusalem;" but more reticence is shown in the account of the scene depicting Adam and Eve before and after their eviction from the Garden of Eden.

In Louis' reign, however, the island grew apace, and took its name from the existing Church St. Louis. Houses sprang up, and those of noble birth, and whose wealth permitted, flocked to the new quarter in the heart of turbulent Paris. All around the quays these ancient homes and their memories abound; many of them, though still retaining their halls, rooms, and charming courtyards, are divided up into separate flats and abodes occupied by artists and writers. Amongst a few of their predecessors' famous names, one may find those of Corot, Baudelaire, Meissonier, George Sand, Daubigny and Daumier. Of historical old houses on the isle claiming attention, the Hôtel Lambert echoes many memories of the past. Monsieur Dupin de Chenonceaux, a pupil of Jean Jacques Rousseau, lost it in a night's play at the gaming tables. Voltaire lived in it. Then there is the Hôtel Lauzun, with its romantic past, on the Quai d'Anjou: in it the hashish smokers held their club meetings.

Opposite the Quai d'Anjou is one of the most charming of old-world quays in Paris—the Quai des Célestins, lined with trees and quaint little shops and workmen's cafés. On it and behind it, Paris of long ago still lives, and may be reached from the Quai d'Anjou by the Pont de Sully, at the end of which one will find a stone stairway leading to the side of the water that flows by the Quai des Célestins. Here one can loiter for hours amidst a life of enchantment, that moves on its sanded banks and around the isle of dreams: there horses and dogs enjoy a sunny morning or after-

noon splash, while the flowing river carries the busy laundry-washers' suddy foam under the delightful old Pont Marie. From there, too, one may recall the mooring of the old water diligence after its voyage from Brienne, and the landing of the young Bonaparte on his way to the Ecole Militaire.

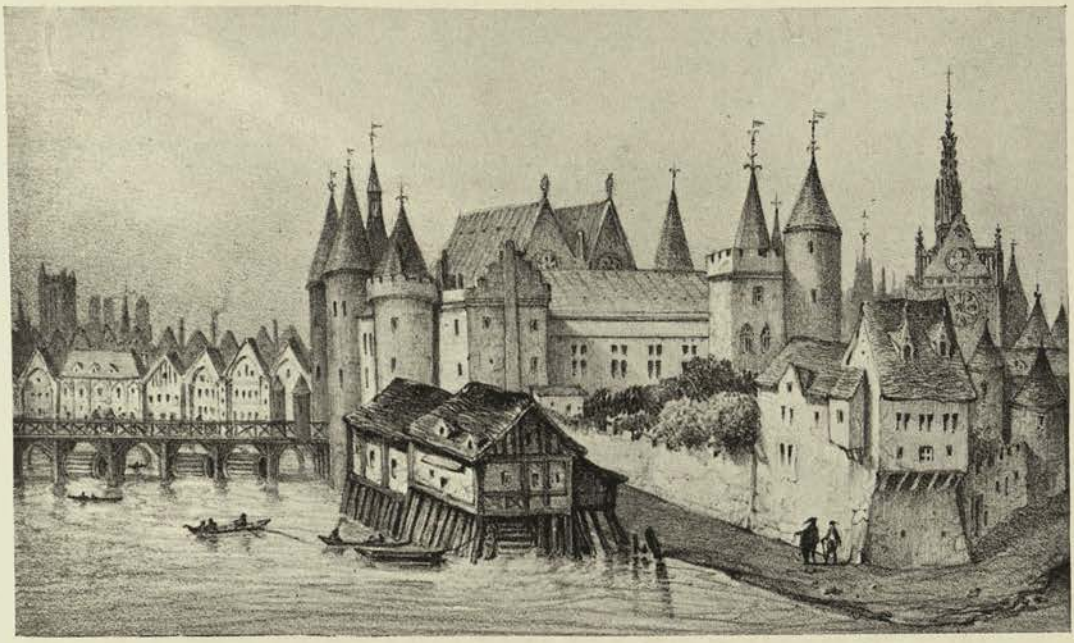
It is difficult to make up one's mind which way to leave one's visions of the isle and its memories. The Quai de l'Hôtel de Ville and its old houses call, as does the way by the Pont Marie and the Pont de la Tournelle with the memory of its demolished tower of defence. By that route a not too distant view of Notre-Dame attracts you all the way, and, perhaps, from no other place than that of the Quai de la Tournelle have the artist and etcher rendered more often on canvas and copper her marvellous flying buttresses, pointed spire, and square towers. Here, too, one looks upon her outstretched arms, guarding the sombre little Morgue, whose windows are reflected in the sullen waters whence came its melancholy inmates. On this quay it is not alone the pensive view of Notre-Dame that tempts one to linger; gay-coloured barge-loaders are hard at work, and on the breeze now and again fluffy flock is wafted past like thistle-down, from the mattress-makers' open air workrooms under the bridges. Despite modern civilization, the life by the river has lost little, perhaps none, of its old traditions. Picturesque floating piers jut out for the landing of the toiling little steamers' passengers as they come, with bundles and baskets, from high up the river to market, or in holiday finery to visit the great city. To land on some other quay of interest, it is fascinating to embark on the steamer at the Pont de la Tournelle. From there it creeps under the Pont St. Louis, between the two islands, passing on its way the Pont d'Arcole, Pont Notre-Dame, Pont au Change, back to the Pont Neuf, where it sweeps slowly by the tree-clad Square du Vert-Galant, and its cheery rows of fishers. And if you wish, you may land at the artistic old Pont Royal and cross it to the Quai Voltaire with its innumerable associations. At the corner of the rue de Beaune there stands the house in which Voltaire died; No. 1 was the dwelling-place of the Maréchal de Tessé; at No. 14 Talma, the famous tragedian, lived, of whom Napoleon is credited with saying, "If I were not Napoleon, I would rather be Talma than any other living man." A little further on is the Quai d'Orsay, on which opens the great Esplanade des Invalides and the way of approach to Napoleon's Tomb.

Loath as one is to leave the banks of the Seine, there is another water-way, less frequented but nevertheless not less attractive, the Canal St. Martin. Entering the Seine at the Pont d'Austerlitz, after sweeping above and under Paris from beyond the outskirts of La Villette, the Canal St. Martin is enchanting almost all the way, and should not be missed even by the artist with but a limited time to visit the city. To follow its inviting course with a sketch-book from the basin at La Villette as far as

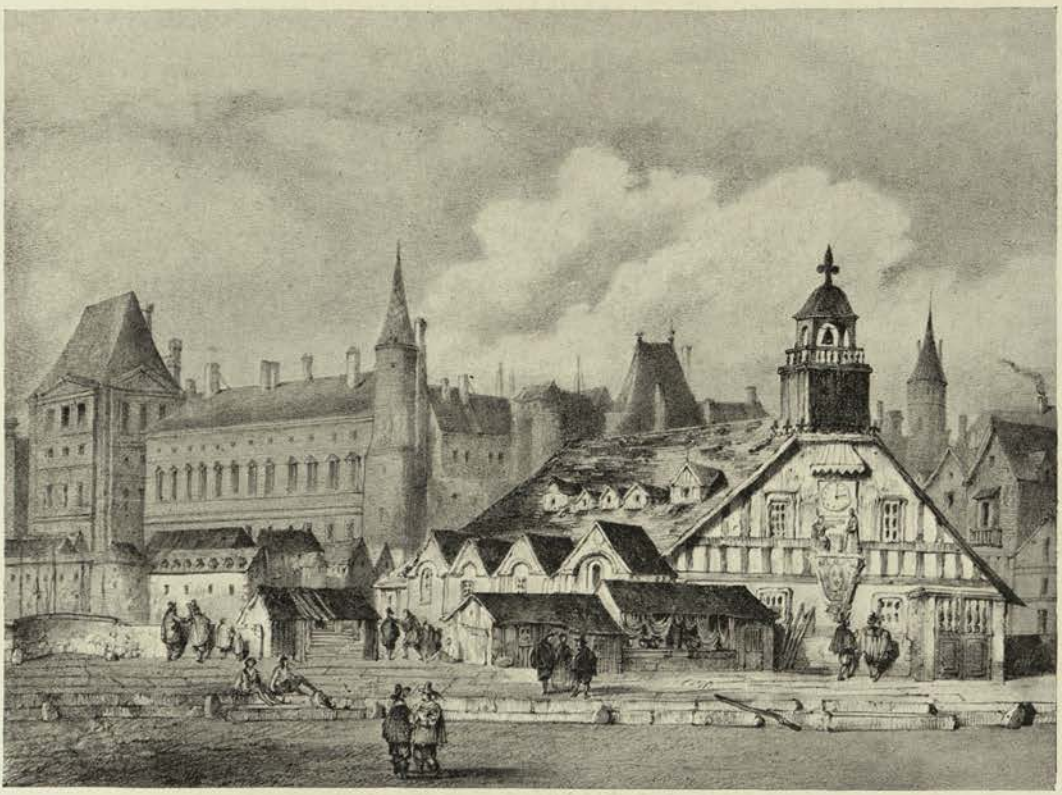
the rue du Faubourg du Temple is a joy on a sunny day. Here and there, too, little garden-spaces divide its banks, in which one may rest and unwrap the day's lunch, and, if you wish, the keeper of a little café close by on the Quai de Valmy or the Quai de Jemmapes will supply you with hot coffee or the wine of the country. All the way old stores and houses line the quays, and tempting streets call you to remember them in your visit another day.

Before you bid farewell to the wonderful waterways of Paris, there is another little river, the Bièvre, whose face is now hidden and its memory fast passing away. You may, however, see its ancient course indicated on a map of the city by a winding strip of blue. Fascinated by its wayward windings, I set out in search of a glimpse of its saddened water. From the rue de Bièvre, which joins the Quai Montebello, I followed the streets that hide it by the Jardin des Plantes on to the rue Censier, where one may get, in an odorous tannery, a sight of what was once a silvery stream. Anxious, however, for a fairer memory, the Ruelle des Gobelins tempted me on, and the quaint Passage Moret—with its hanging lamp of oil-lit street memories. It was, indeed, a surprising journey; courtyards, narrow lanes, and old houses savouring of the long-ago Paris hindered and tempted me all the way, noting themselves on my mind as themes for further sketches for wintry days. But still no sight of the Bièvre. Its hidden course, however, lay by the rue Vergniaud, across the broad rue de Tolbiac, over the modern rue Charles-Fourier, to the deserted-looking Place des Peupliers, down the rue des Peupliers to the postern gates of the Boulevard Kellermann. There I felt the Bièvre was no more. Nevertheless, the open ground beyond the gates seemed to beckon me to follow on until a delightfully civil and humorous gendarme inquired, "What is it you search, Monsieur? La Bièvre. Ah, La Bièvre." Together we climbed the sloping banks by the Porte de Gentilly, and a few yards down in the hollow, oozing muddily through a stone archway, came the sluggish stream. "There, Monsieur, is the Bièvre —but do not drink of it, for it has not a good flavour!" Satisfied at last, I wandered on for perhaps a mile, passing by tin, canvas, mud, and iron houses and the apple-blossomed flower-gardens of the outskirt populace by its sordid banks.

PARIS IN 1658. LITHOGRAPH BY PH. BENOIST AFTER ISRAEL SILVESTRE



LE PONT AUX MEUNIERS ET UNE PARTIE DU PALAIS DU ROI OU DE LA CITÉ (IN 1556)
LITHOGRAPH AFTER PERNOT. (*From "Le Vieux Paris." Pub.* 1838-9)



LA POMPE DE LA SAMARITAINE (IN 1635). LITHOGRAPH AFTER PERNOT
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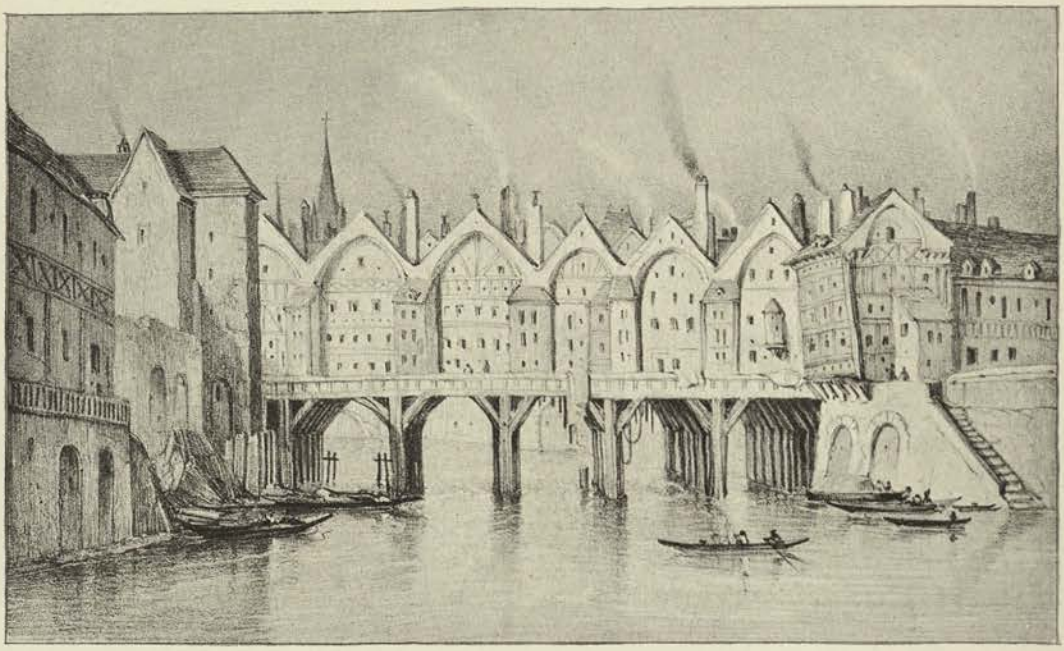

LE PONT ST. MICHEL (IN 1550)
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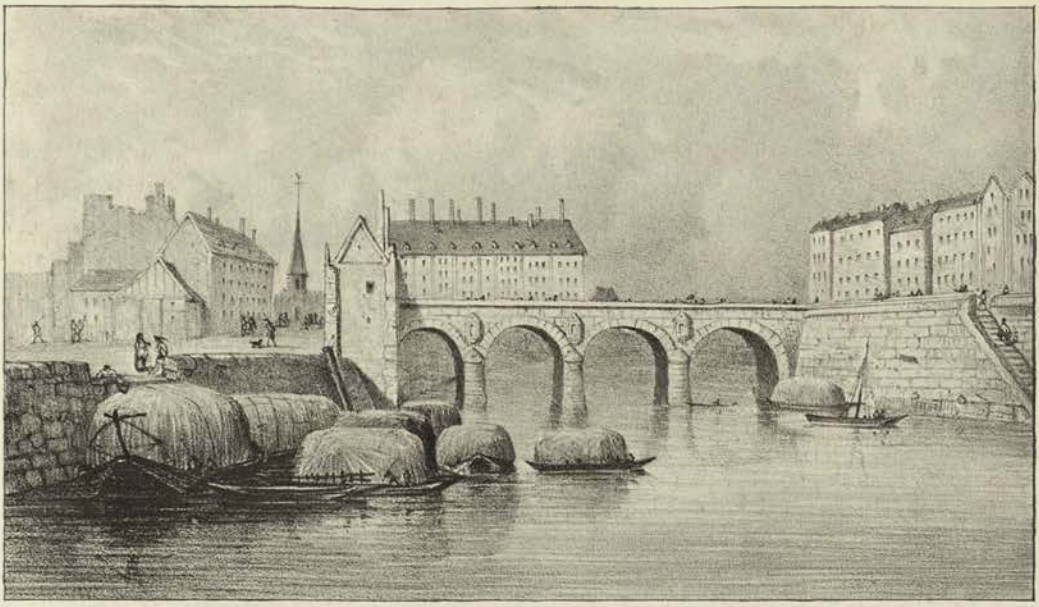
LE PONT ST. MICHEL. ETCHING BY CAROLINE H. ARMINGTON



LE PONT MARIE. LITHOGRAPH AFTER PERNOT
*(From "Le Vieux Paris." Pub. 1838-9)*

LA PORTE ST. BERNARD. LITHOGRAPH AFTER PERNOT
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LE PONT NOTRE-DAME (IN 1560). LITHOGRAPH AFTER PERNOT
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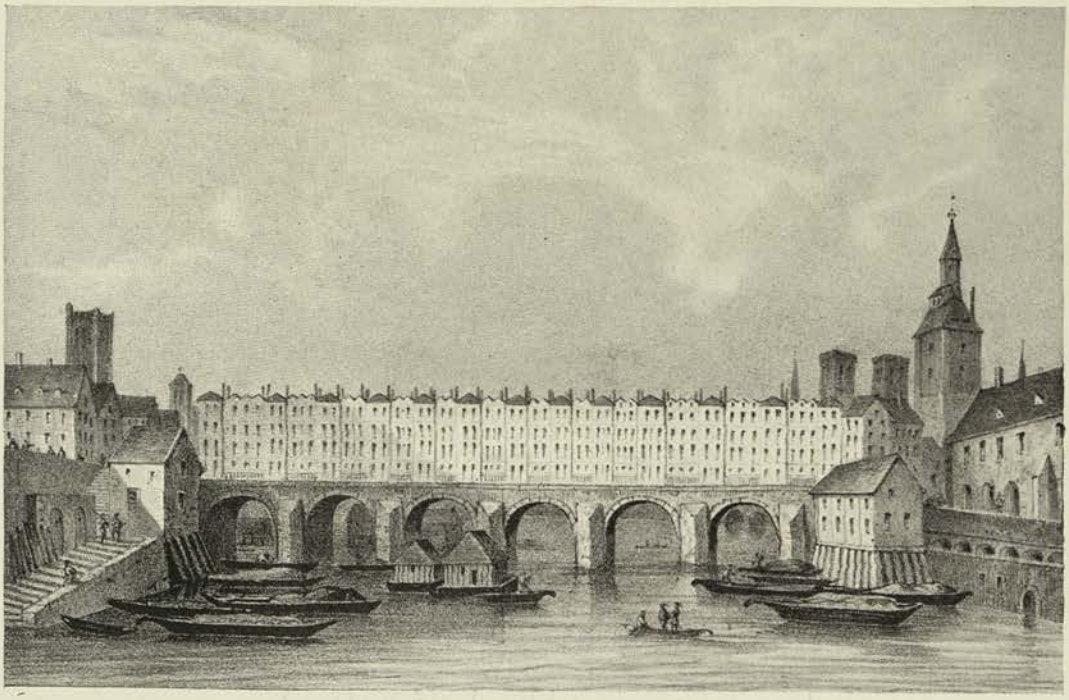
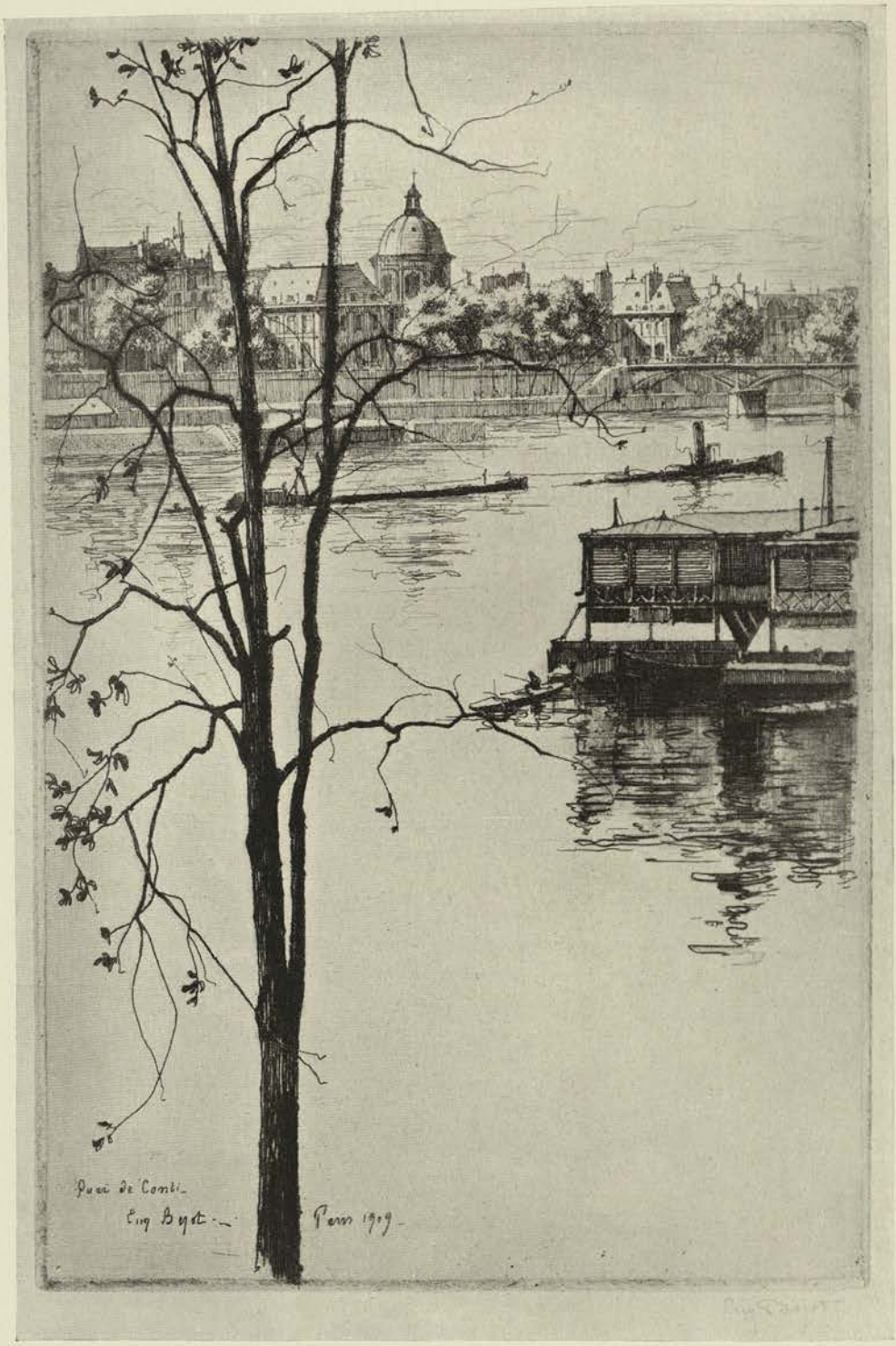


LE PONT AU CHANGE. LITHOGRAPH AFTER PERNOT
*(From "Le Vieux Paris." Pub. 1838–9)*

QUAI DES GRANDS AUGUSTINS. ETCHING
BY WILLIAM A. LEVY




QUAI DE CONTI. ETCHING BY EUG. BEJOT, R.E.

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LE PONT NEUF VU DES ÉCLUSES
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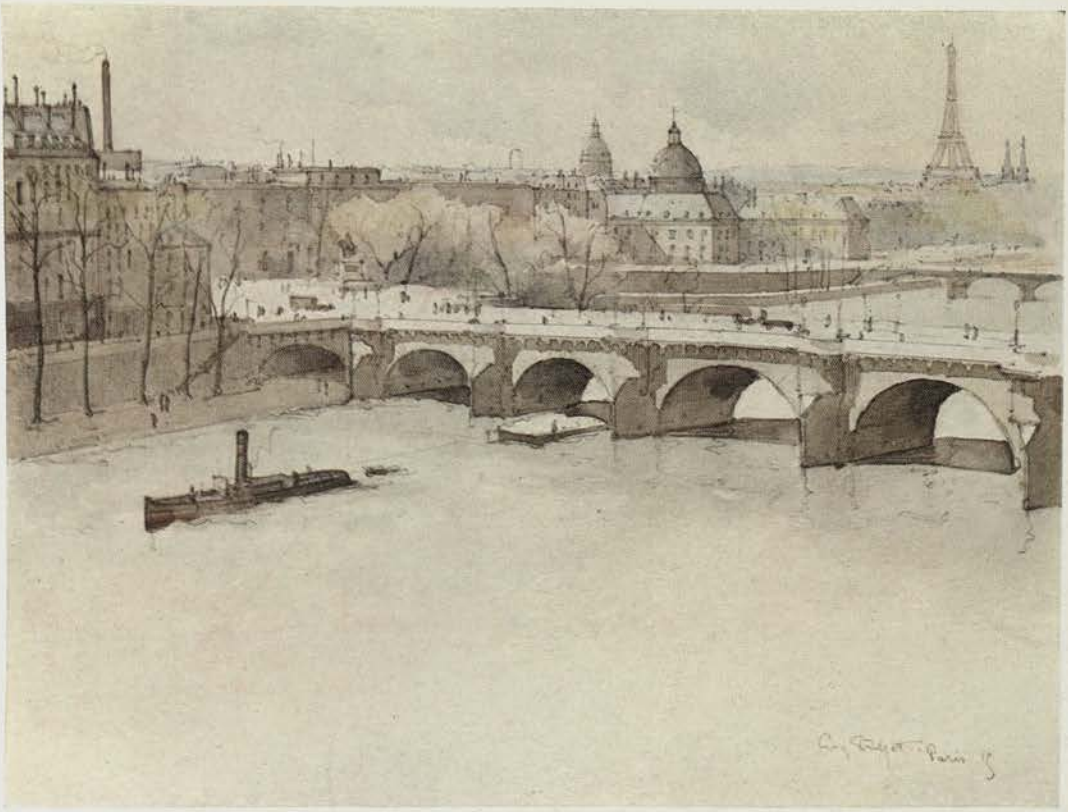

LE PONT NEUF. DRAWING
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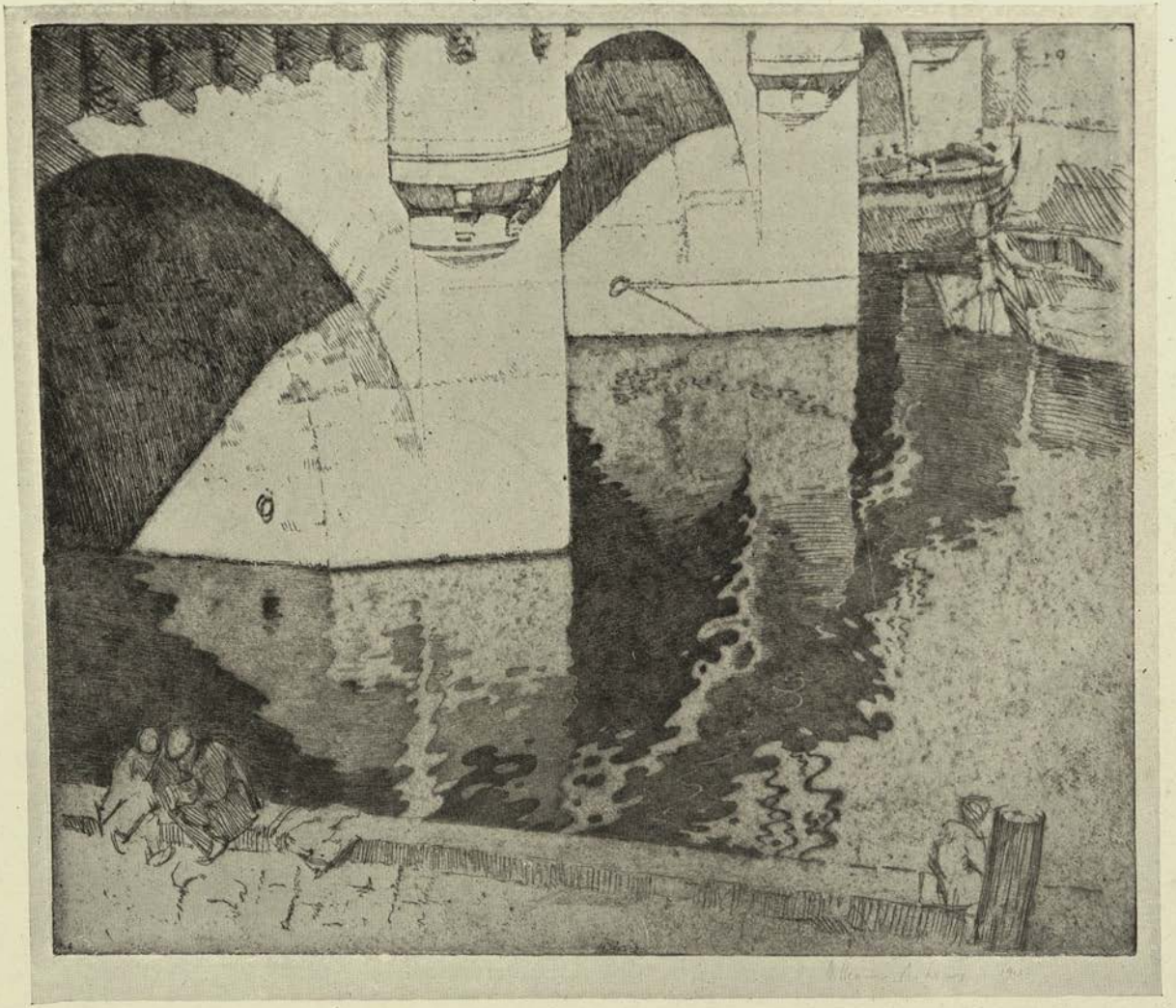

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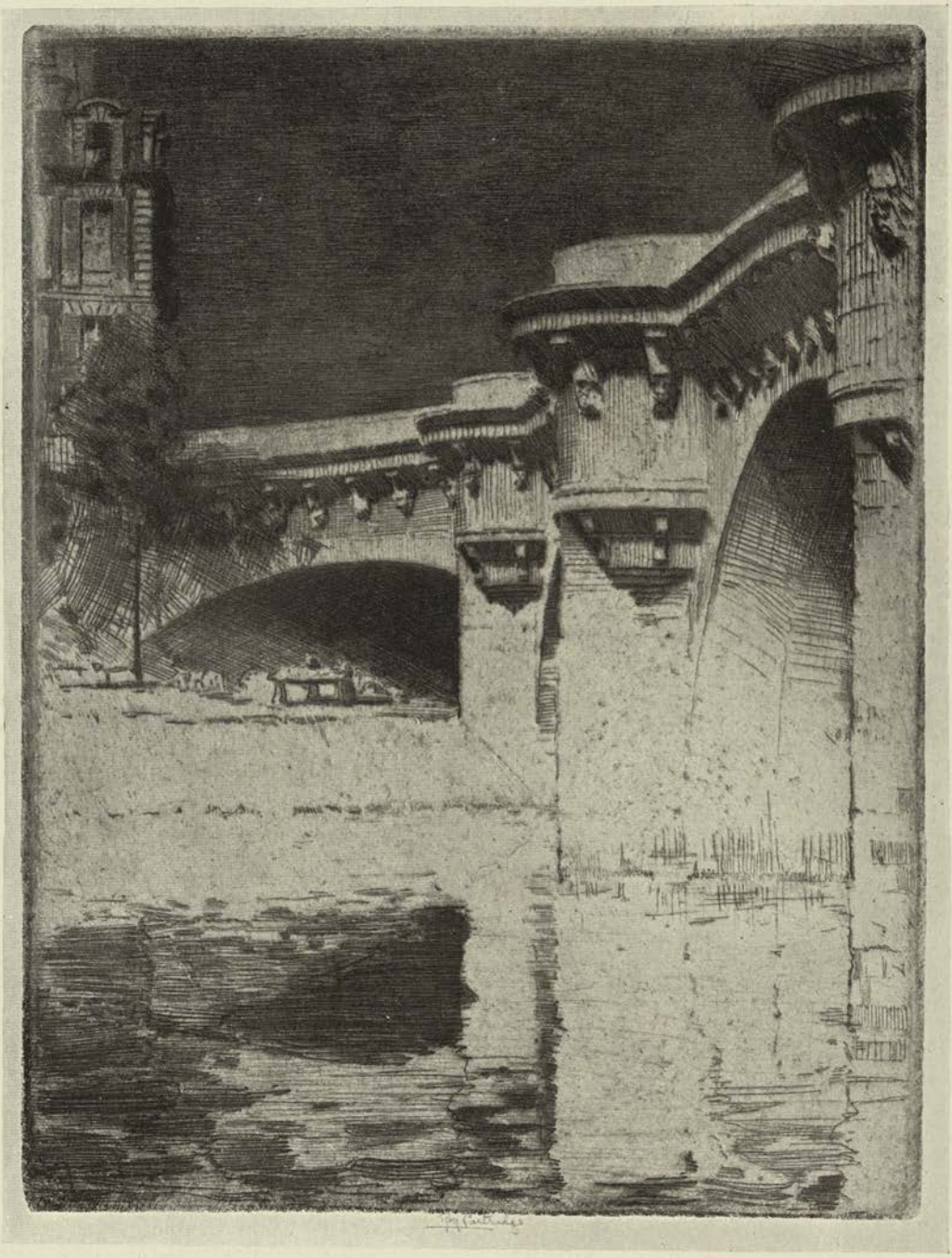
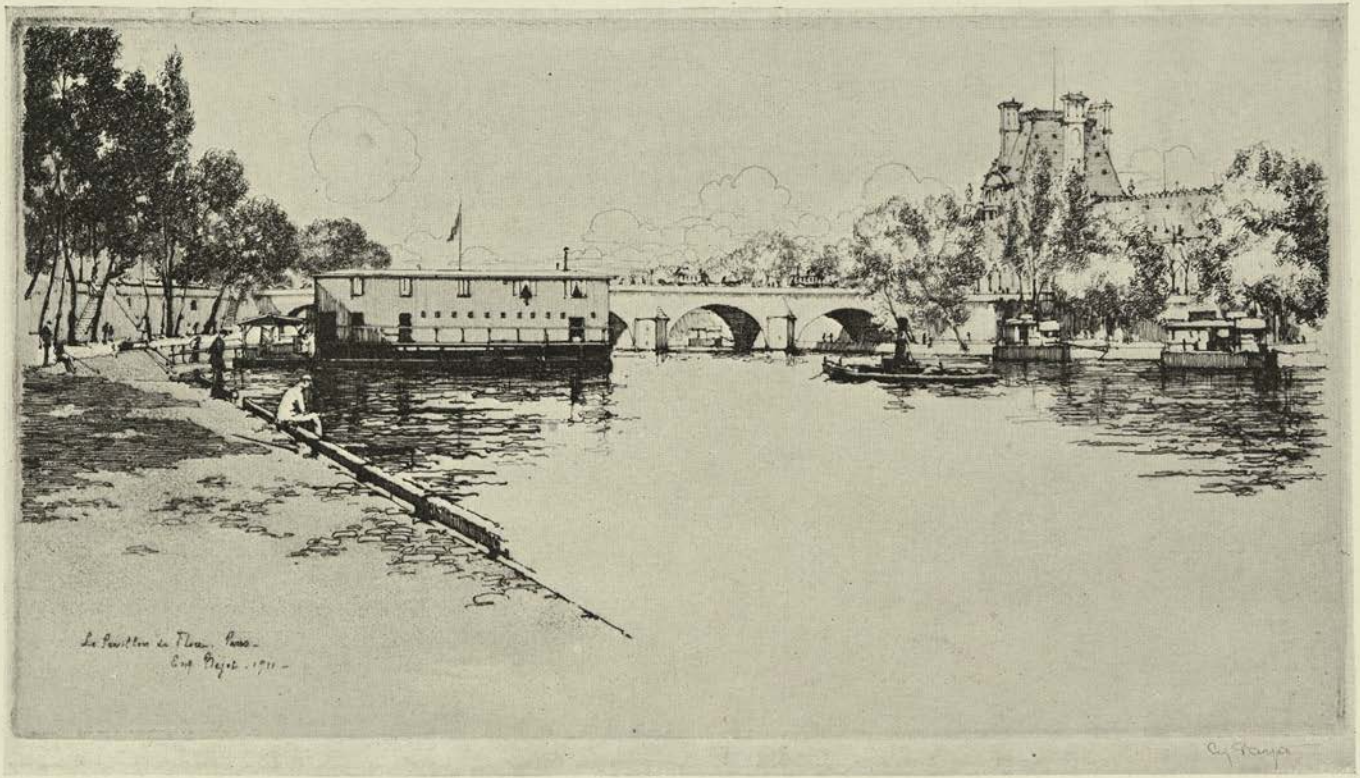


LE PONT NEUF. ETCHING BY ROY PARTRIDGE

LE PONT DU CARROUSEL. ETCHING BY FRANK M. ARMINGTON



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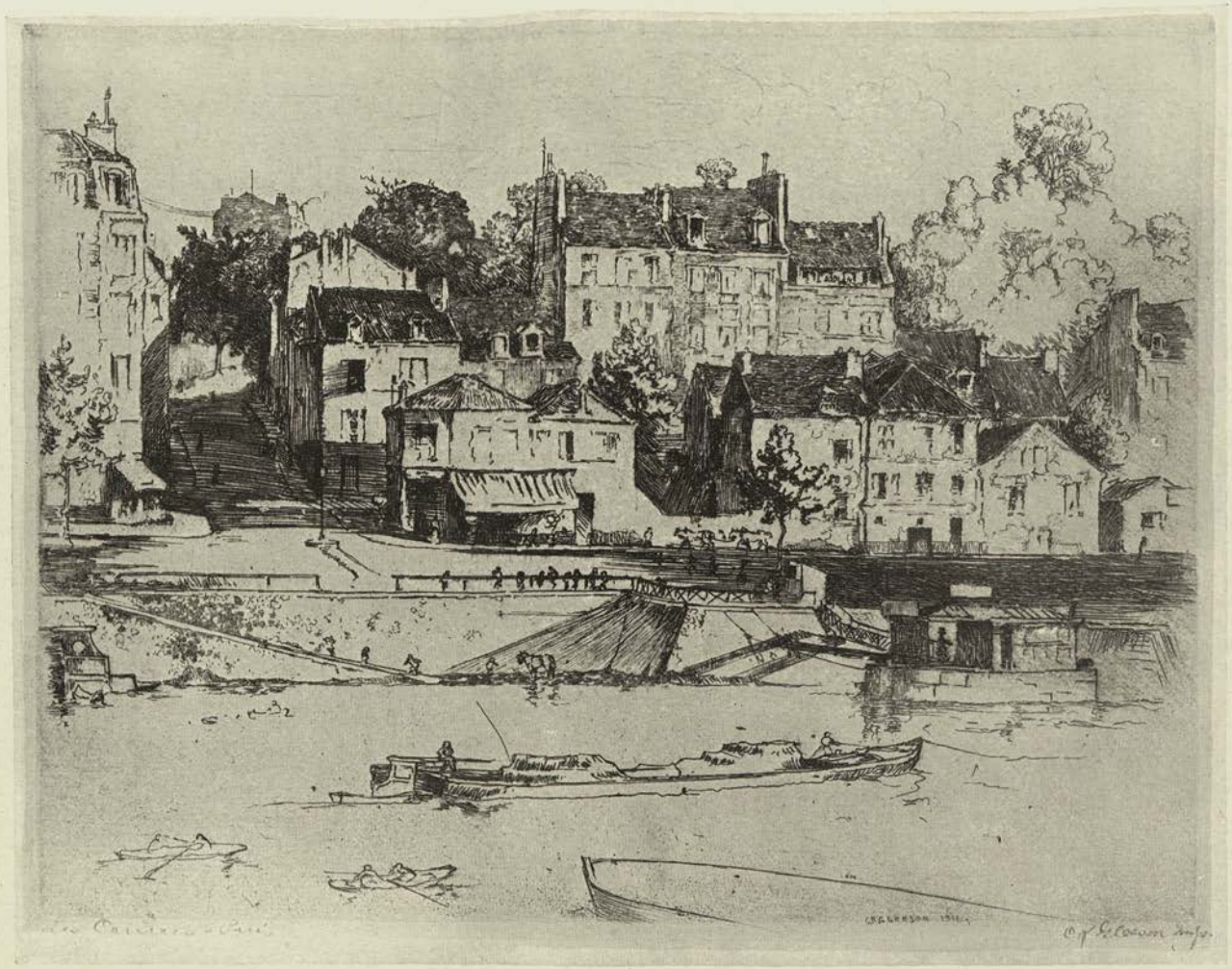
LE PALAIS D'ORSAY. ETCHING BY EUG. BÉJOT, R.E.

LE PONT ALEXANDRE III. ETCHING BY FRANK M. ARMINGTON



LES CARRIERS. ETCHING BY C. K. GLEESON

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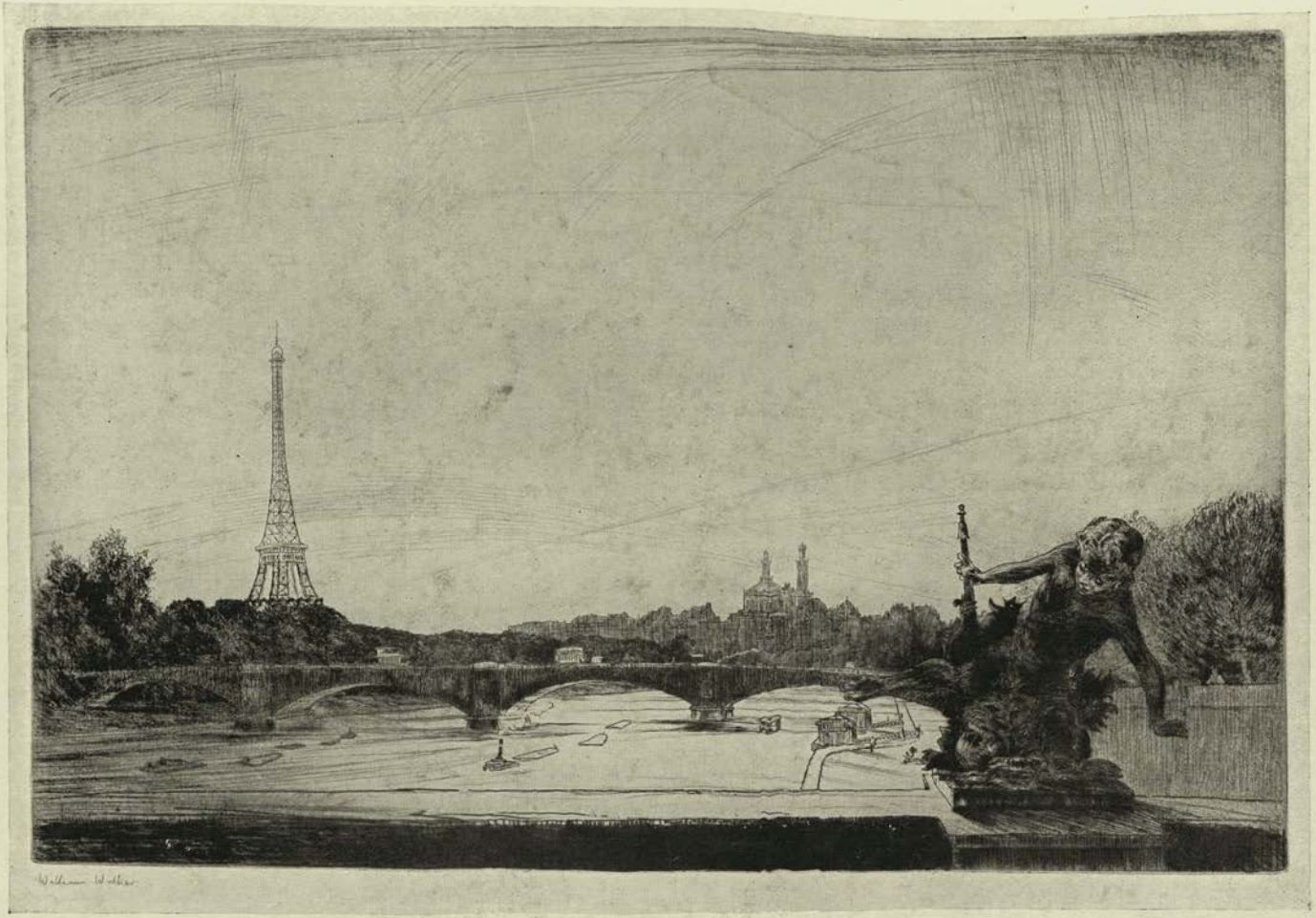
VIEUX BATEAUX LAVOIRS À GRENELLE. ETCHING BY A. LEPÈRE





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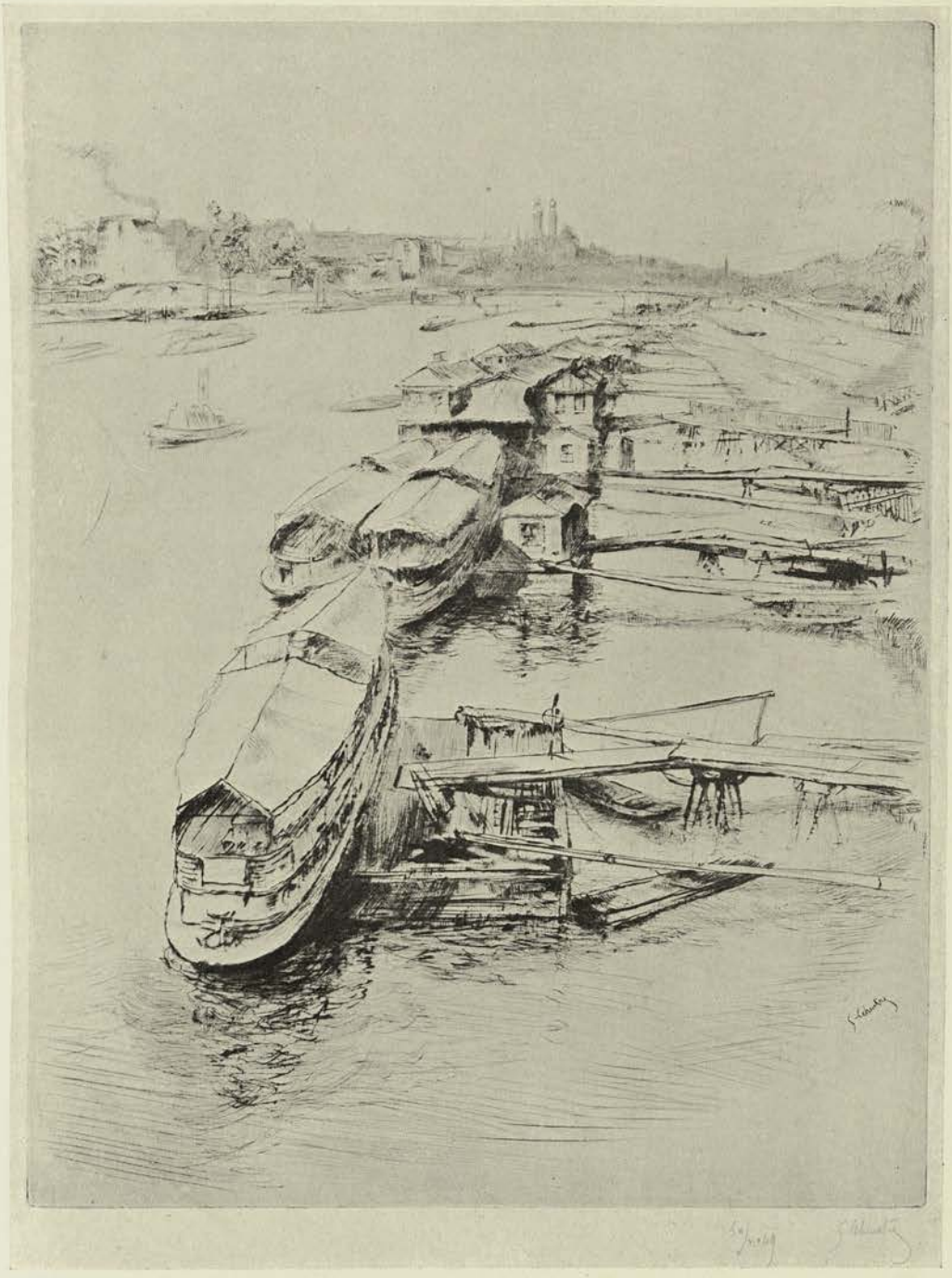

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LES BATEAUX-PARISIENS À AUTEUIL
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LE PONT ST. MICHEL. DRAWING BY EUG. BÉJOT, R.E.

NEAR THE PONT ST. MICHEL. ETCHING BY JOHN MARIN

"ALONG THE QUAY." ETCHING
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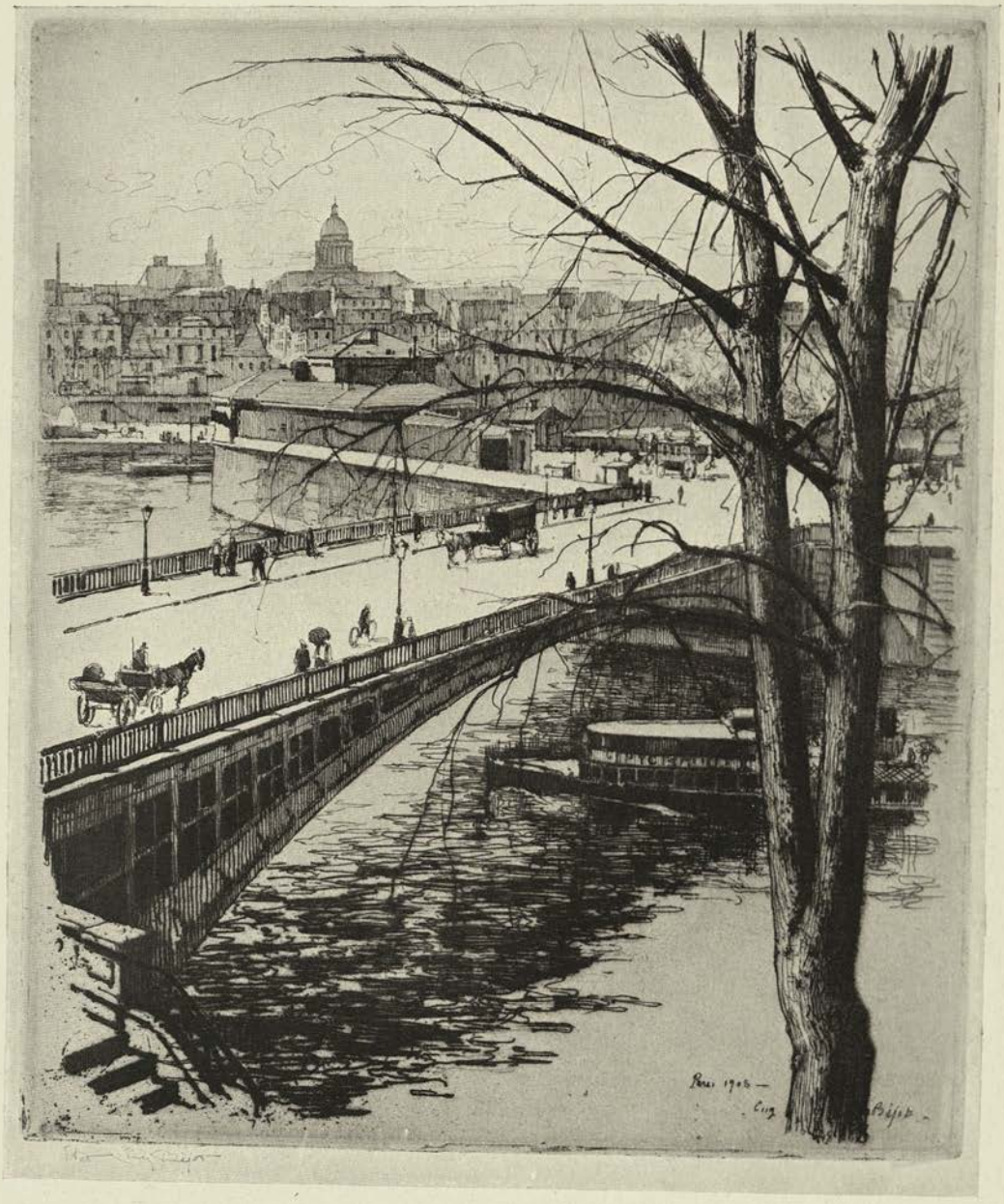
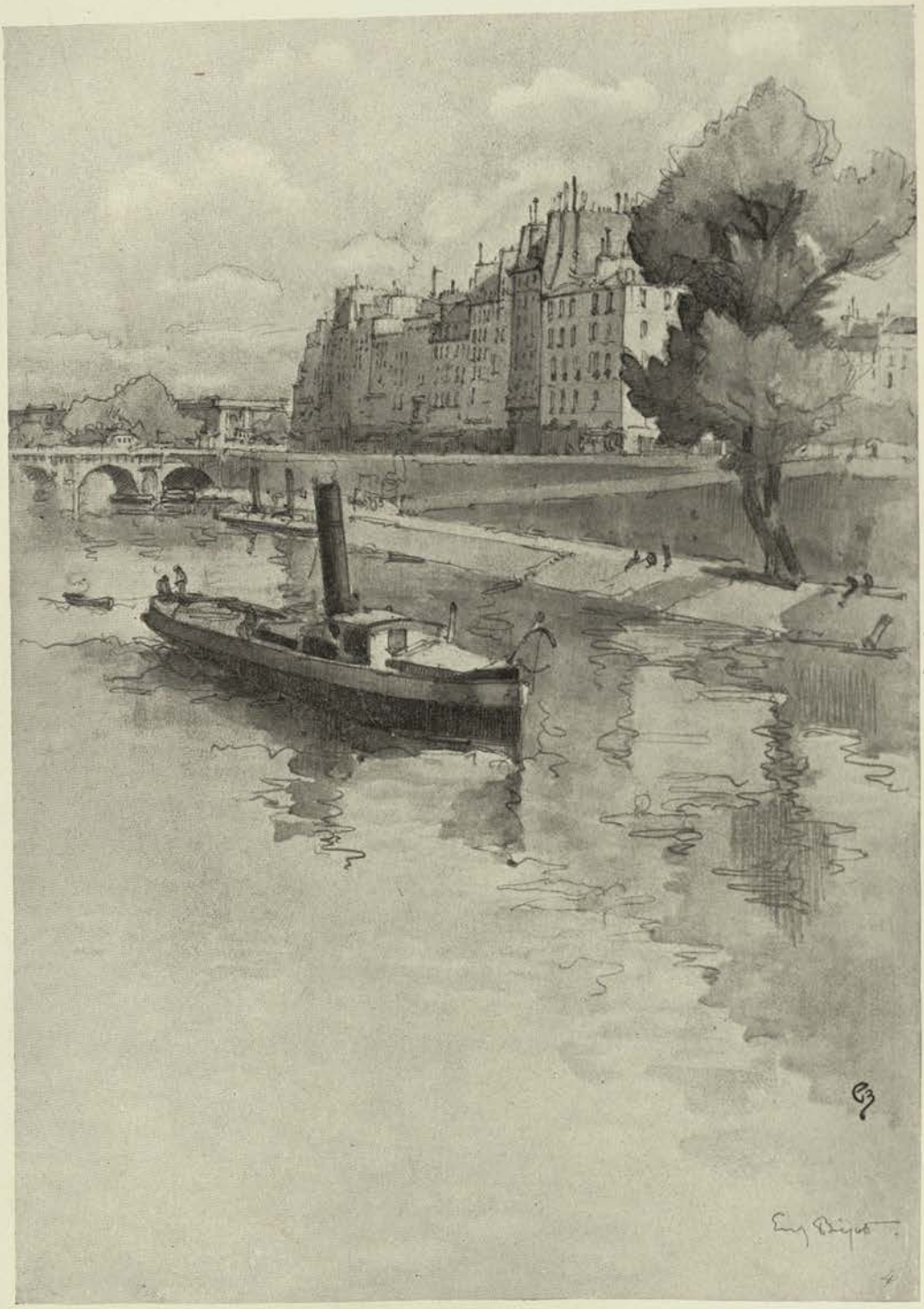
NOTRE-DAME VUE DU QUAI MONTEBELLO. ETCHING BY A. LEPÈRE



LA MORGUE. ETCHING BY EUG. BÉJOT, R.E.

THE TOWERS OF NOTRE-DAME. ETCHING BY GEORGE T. PLOWMAN



LE QUAI DES ORFÈVRES. DRAWING
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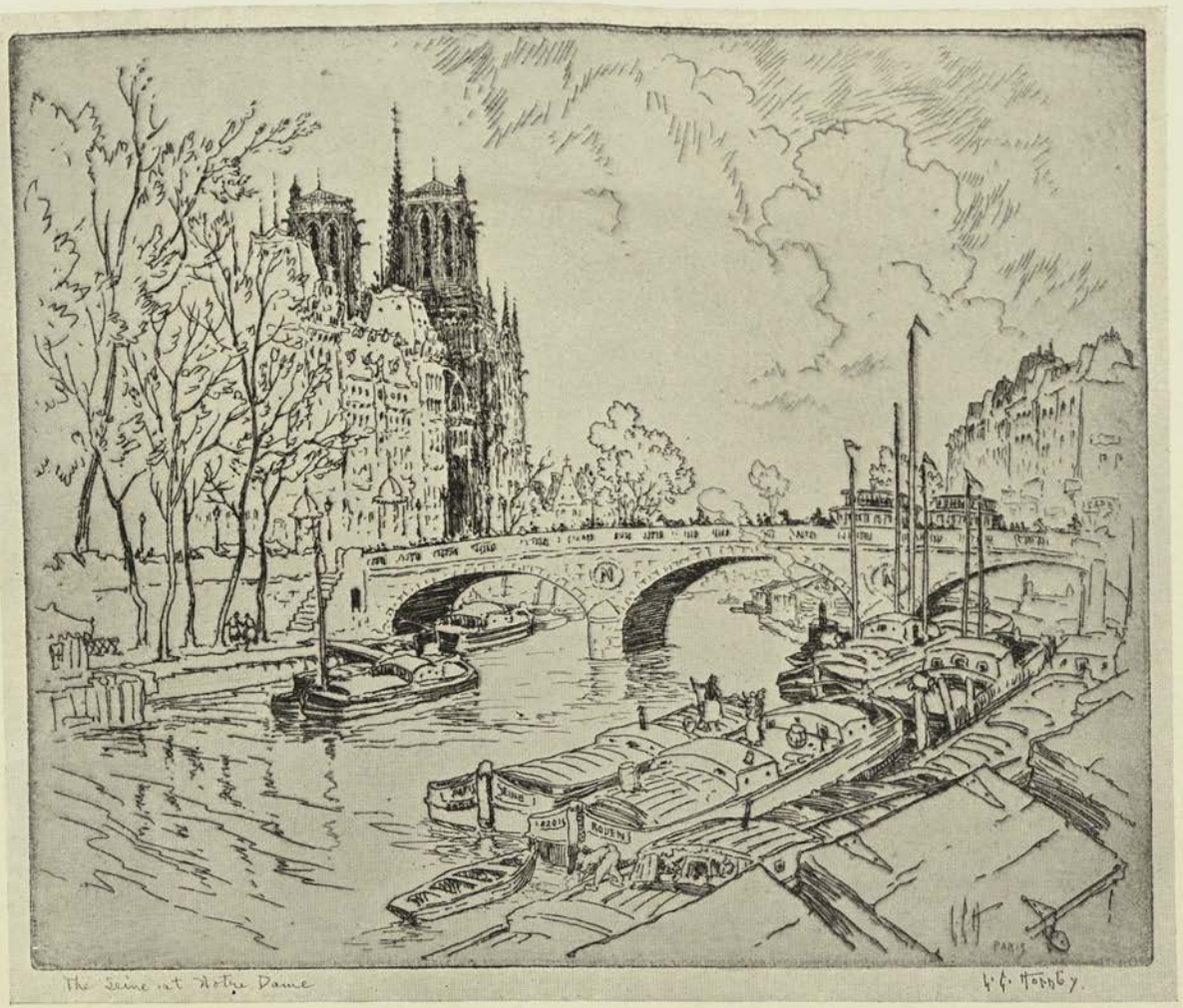
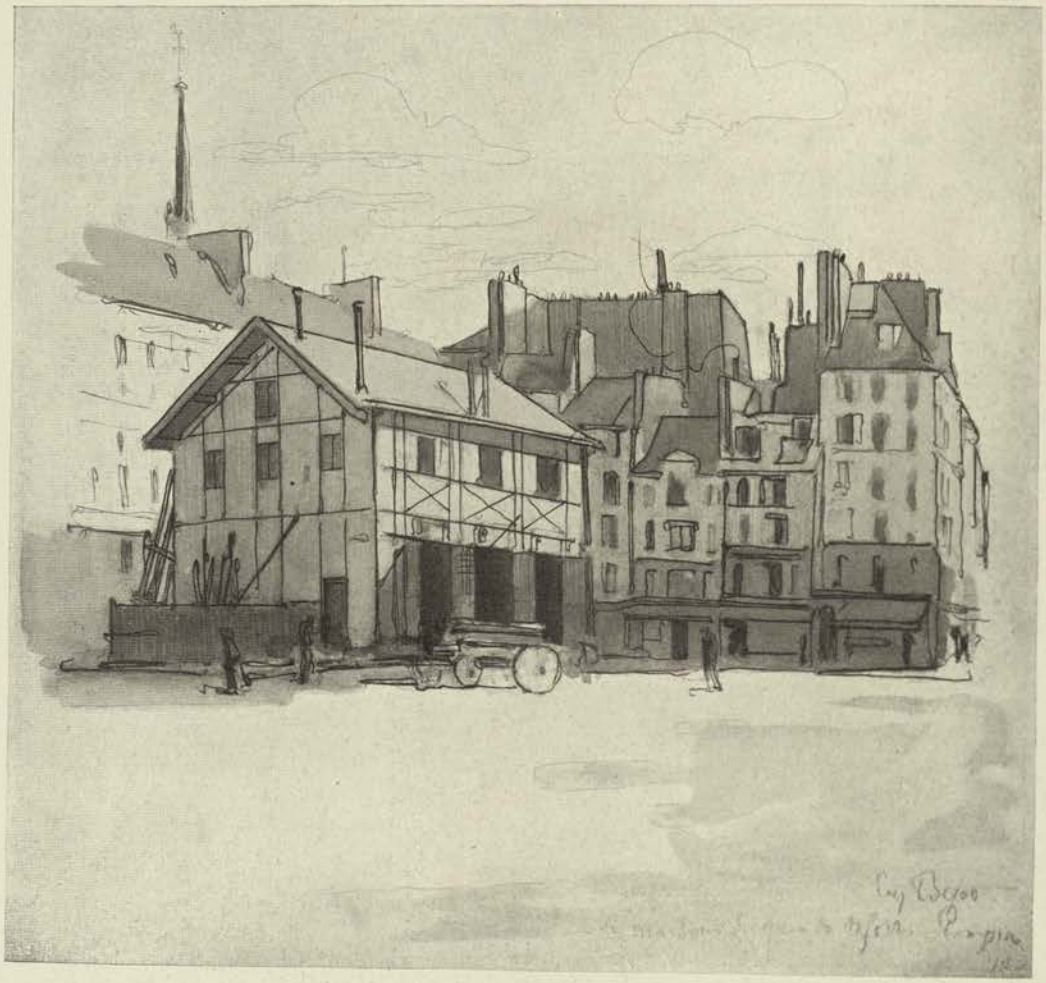
BATEAU-PARISIEN AU POINT DU JOUR
DRAWING BY CH. JOUAS




THE SEINE AT NOTRE-DAME. ETCHING BY LESTER G. HORNBY



VIELLES MAISONS AU QUAI DES ORFÈVRES
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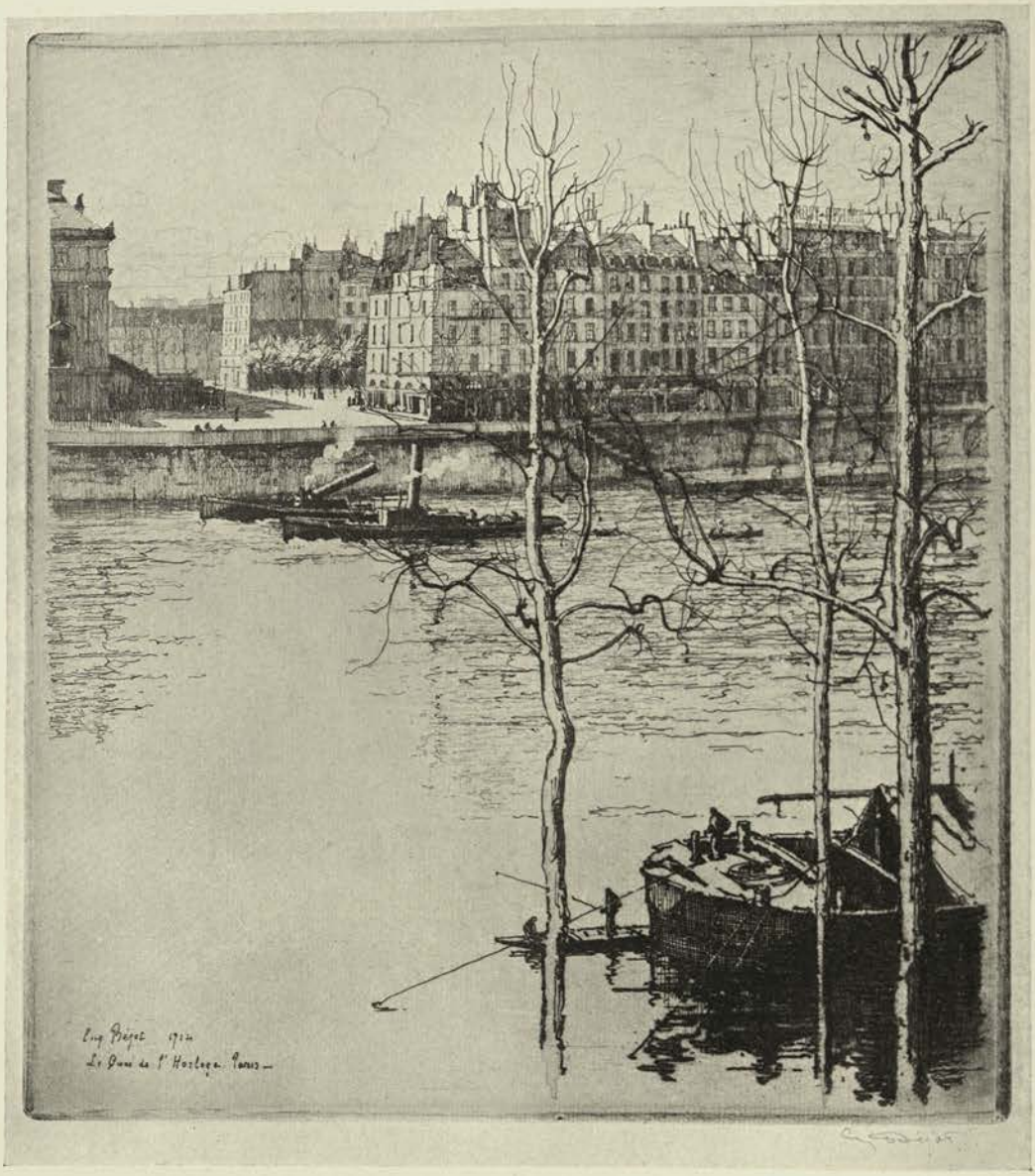
LA TOUR DE L'HORLOGE
ETCHING BY L. ARTIGUE

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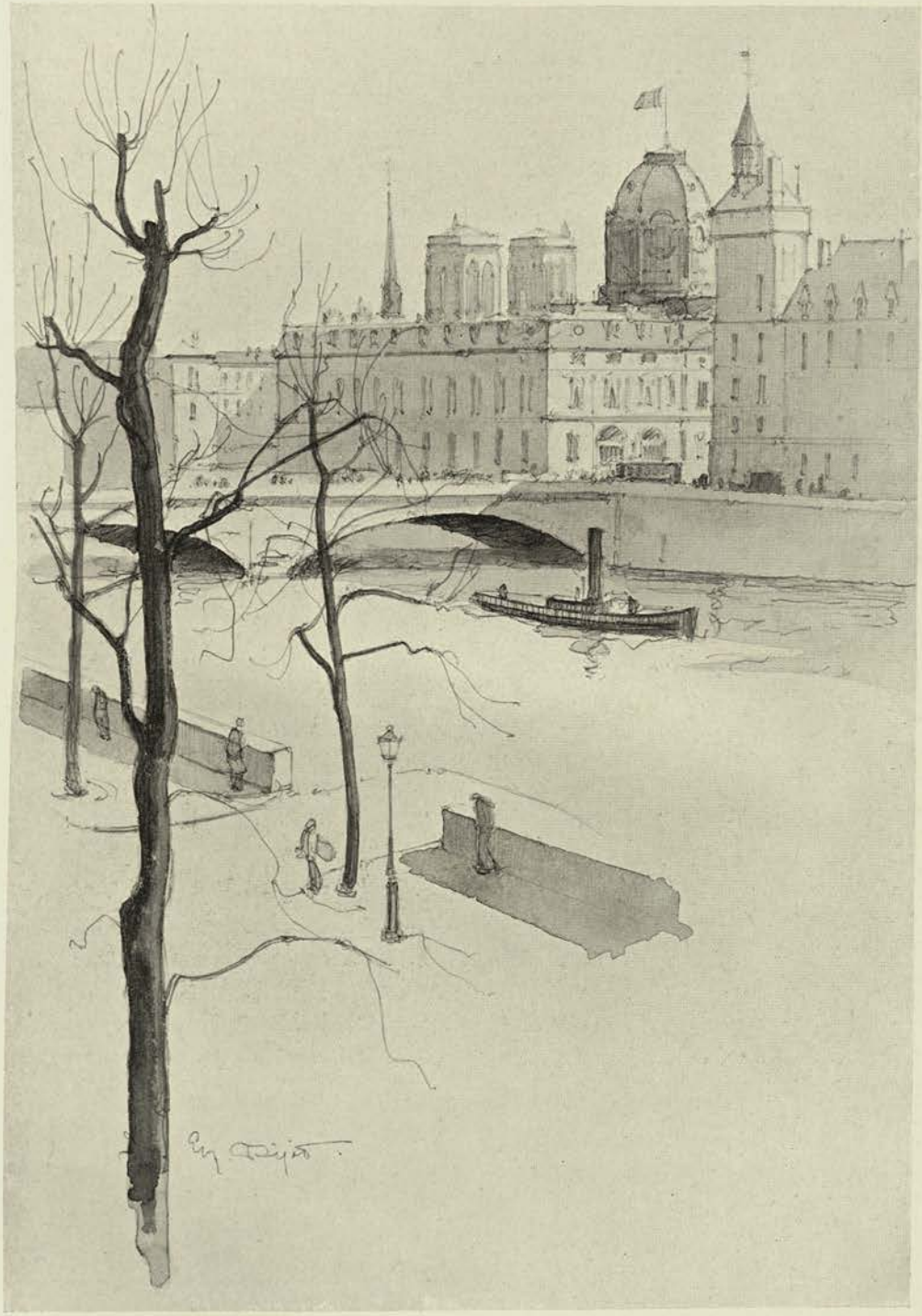
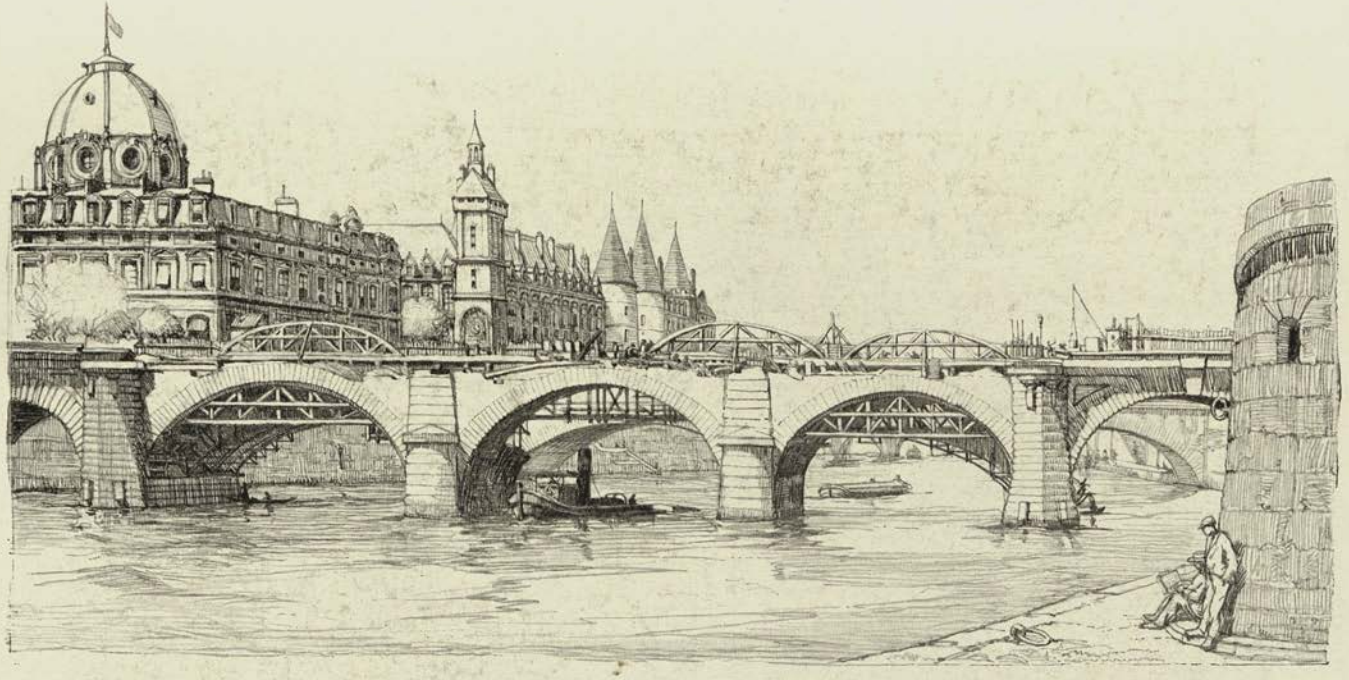
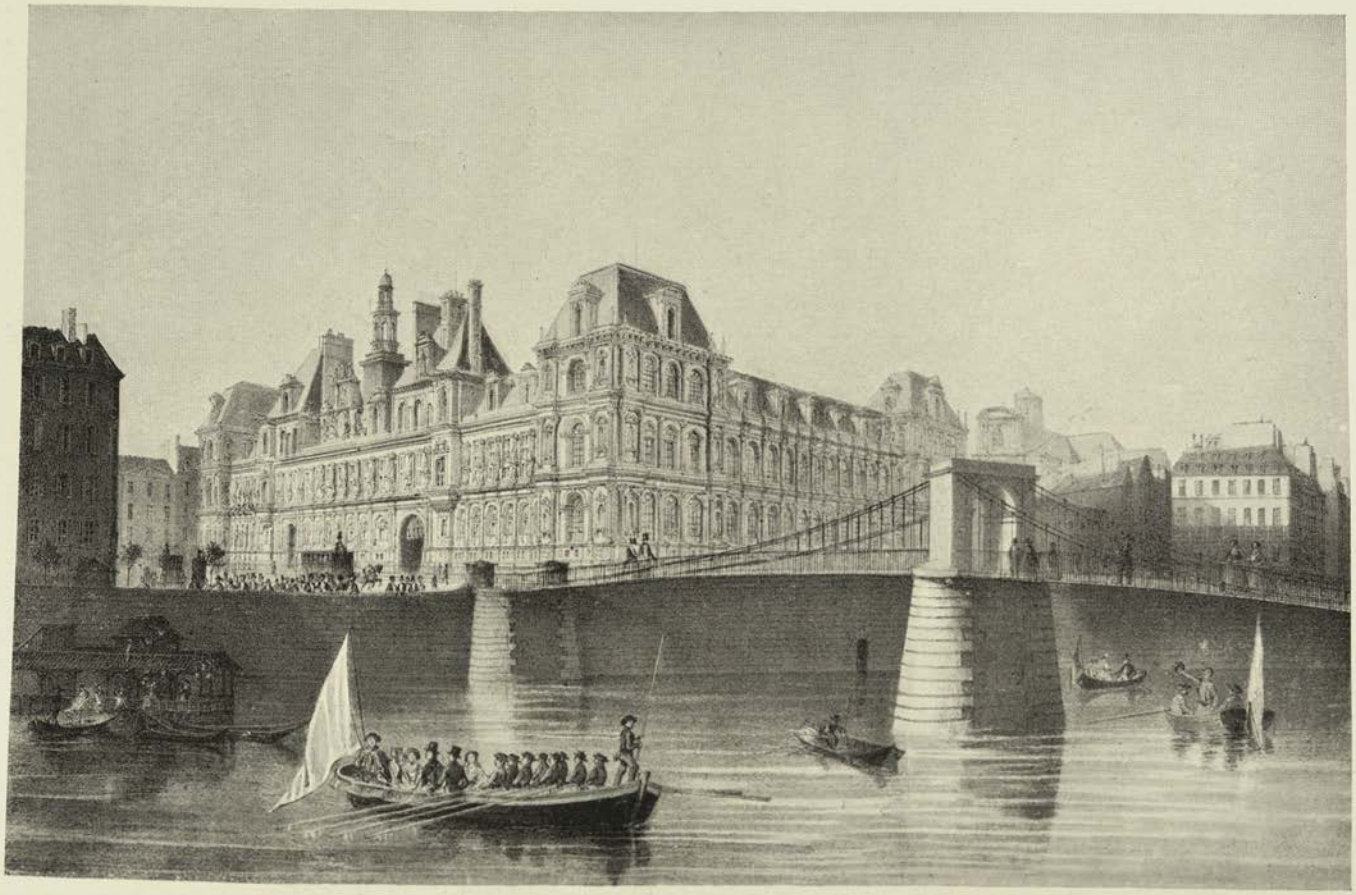


LE PONT AU CHANGE. DRAWING BY EUG. BÉJOT, R.E.

L'ARCHE DU PONT NOTRE-DAME, ETCHING BY CH. MERYON



TRAVAUX SUR L'ANCIEN PONT NOTRE-DAME, 1913. DRAWING BY HERMAN A. WEBSTER



VUE DE L'HÔTEL DE VILLE ET DU PONT D'ARCOLE. LITHOGRAPH BY J. B. ARNOUT

LE PETIT PONT. ETCHING BY CH. MERYON

PARTIE DE LA CITÉ DE PARIS. ETCHING BY CH. MERYON

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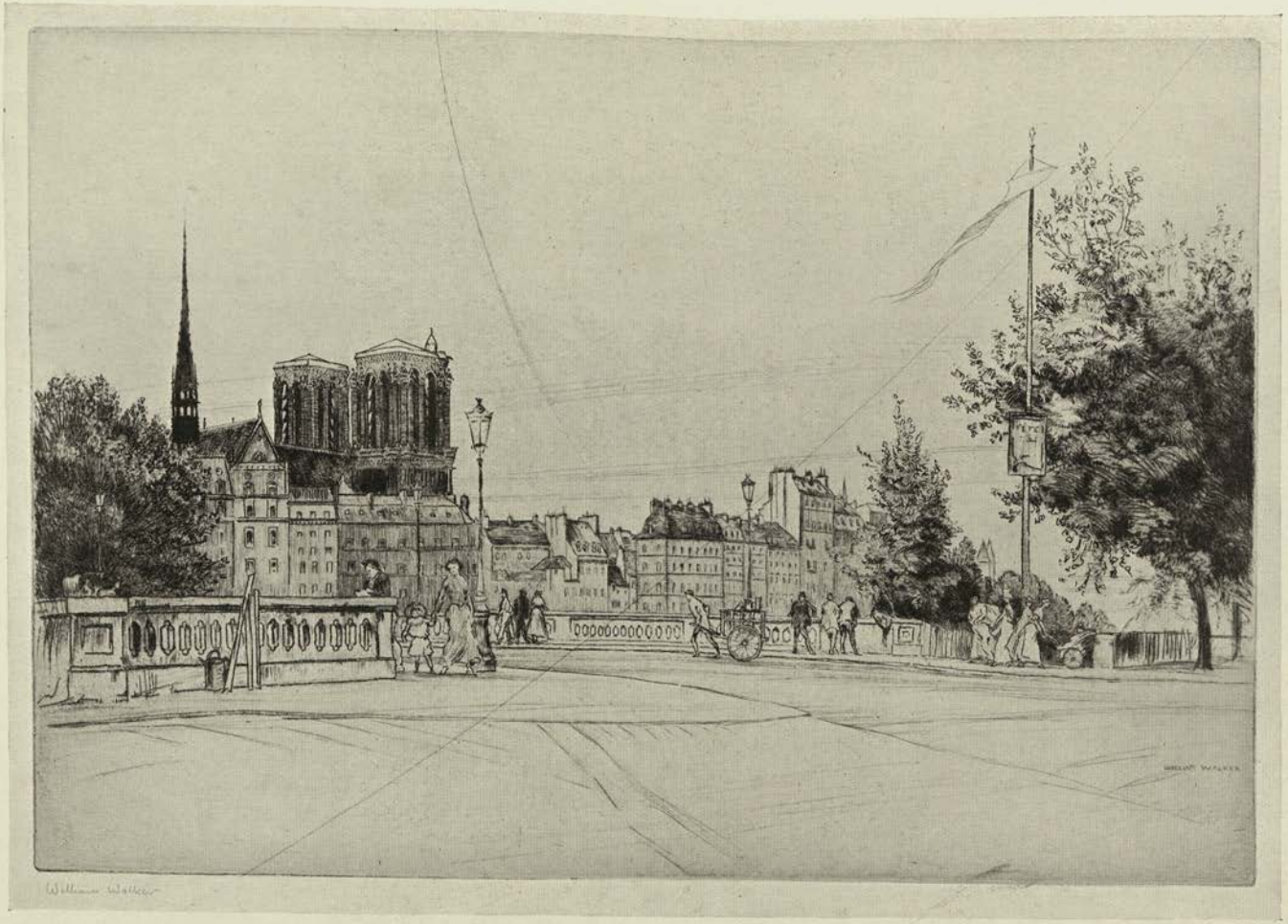



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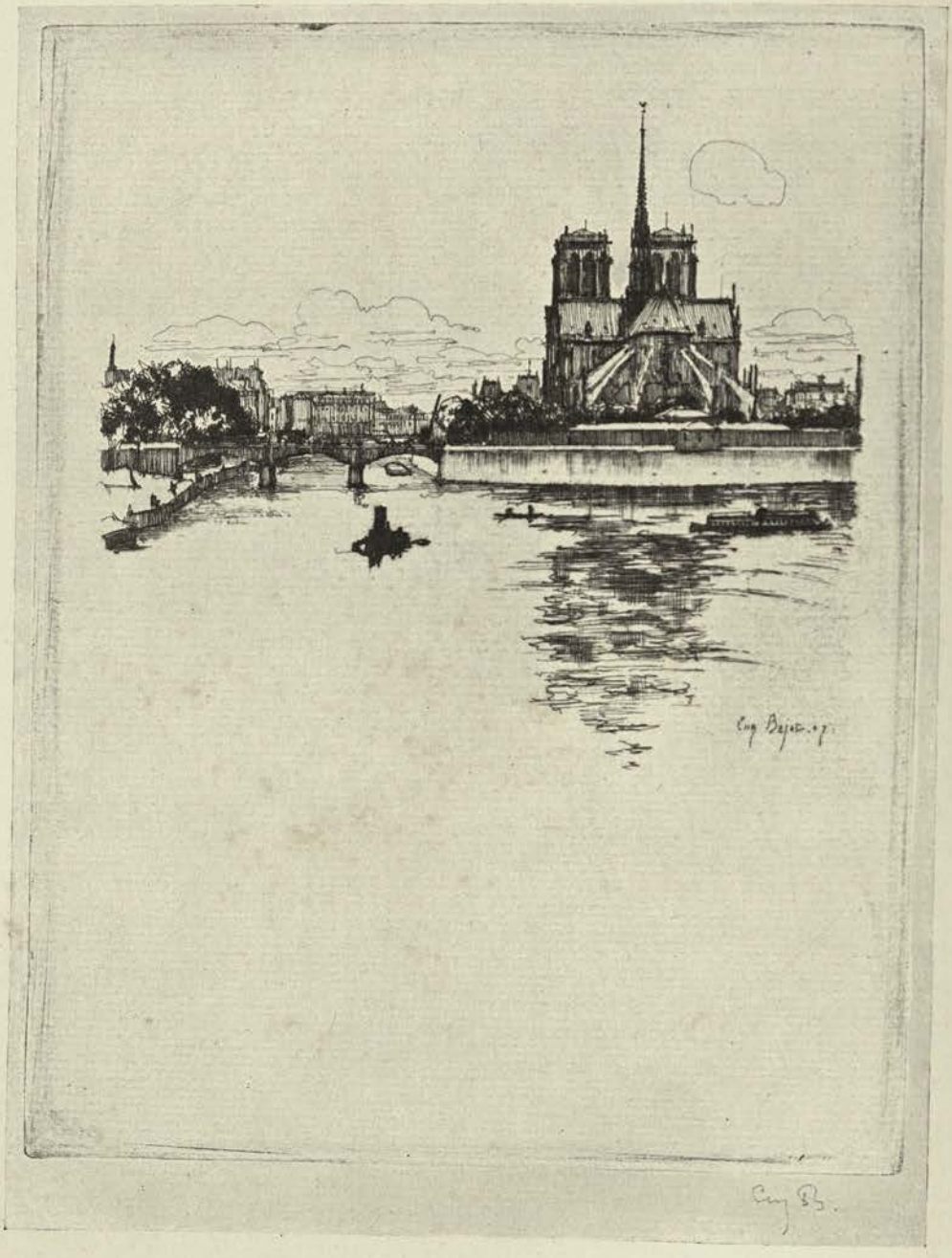

L'ABSIDE DE NOTRE-DAME
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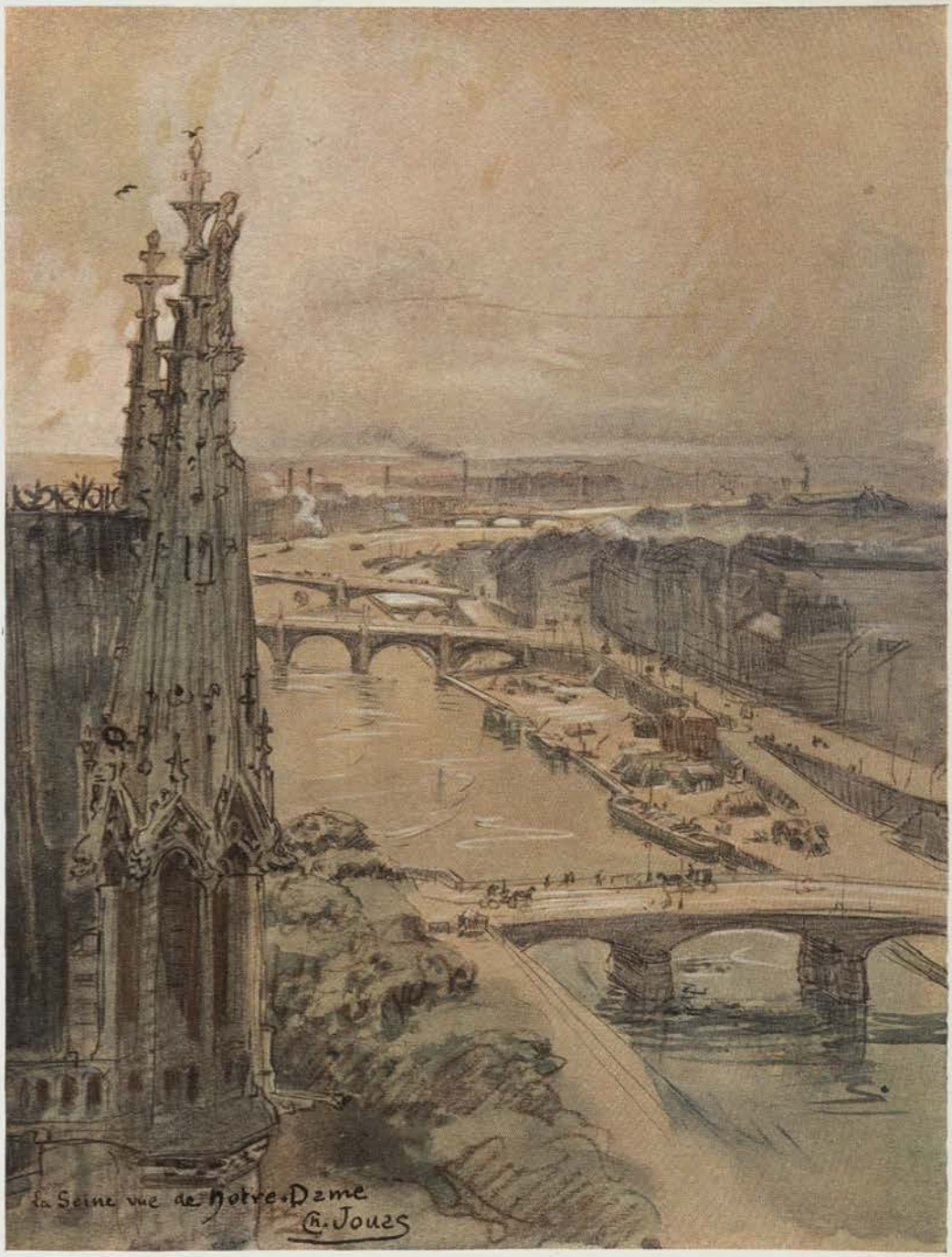


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LE PONT DE L'ARCHEVÊCHÉ
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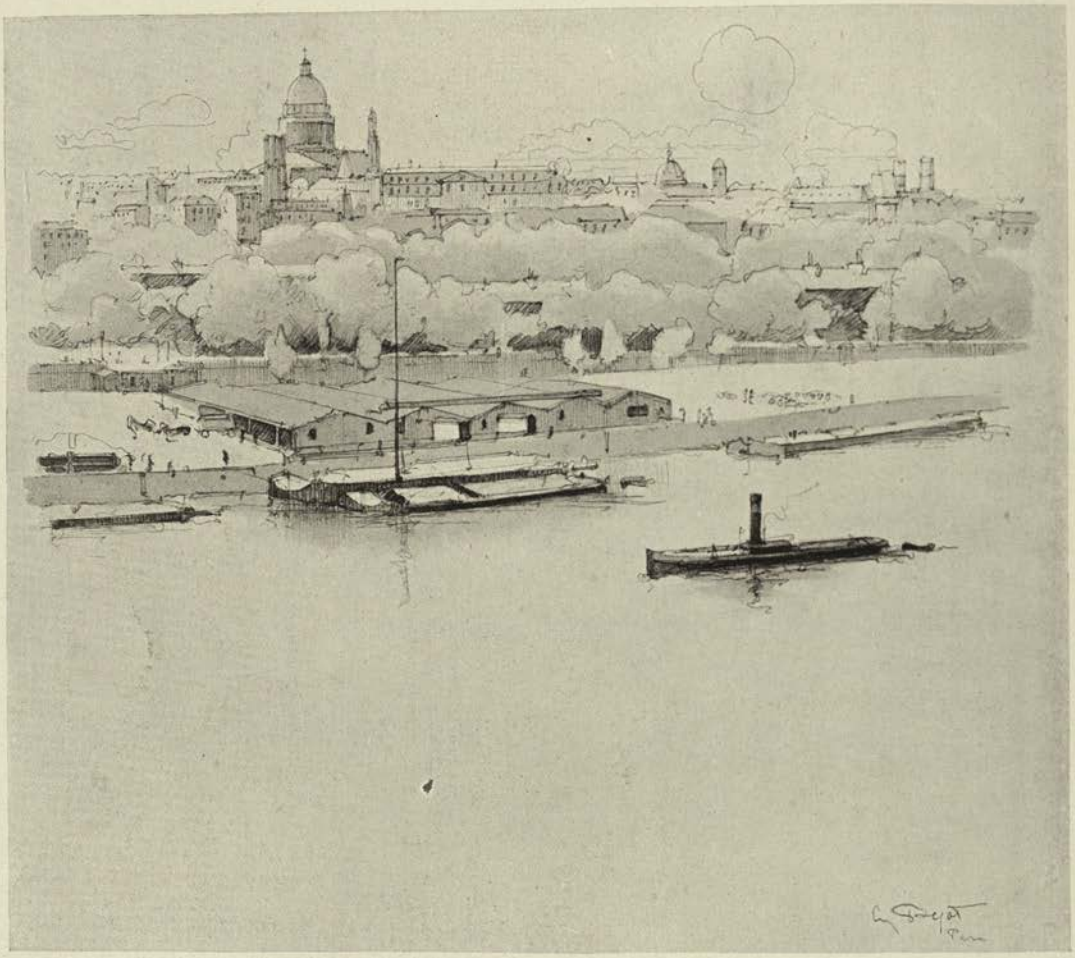

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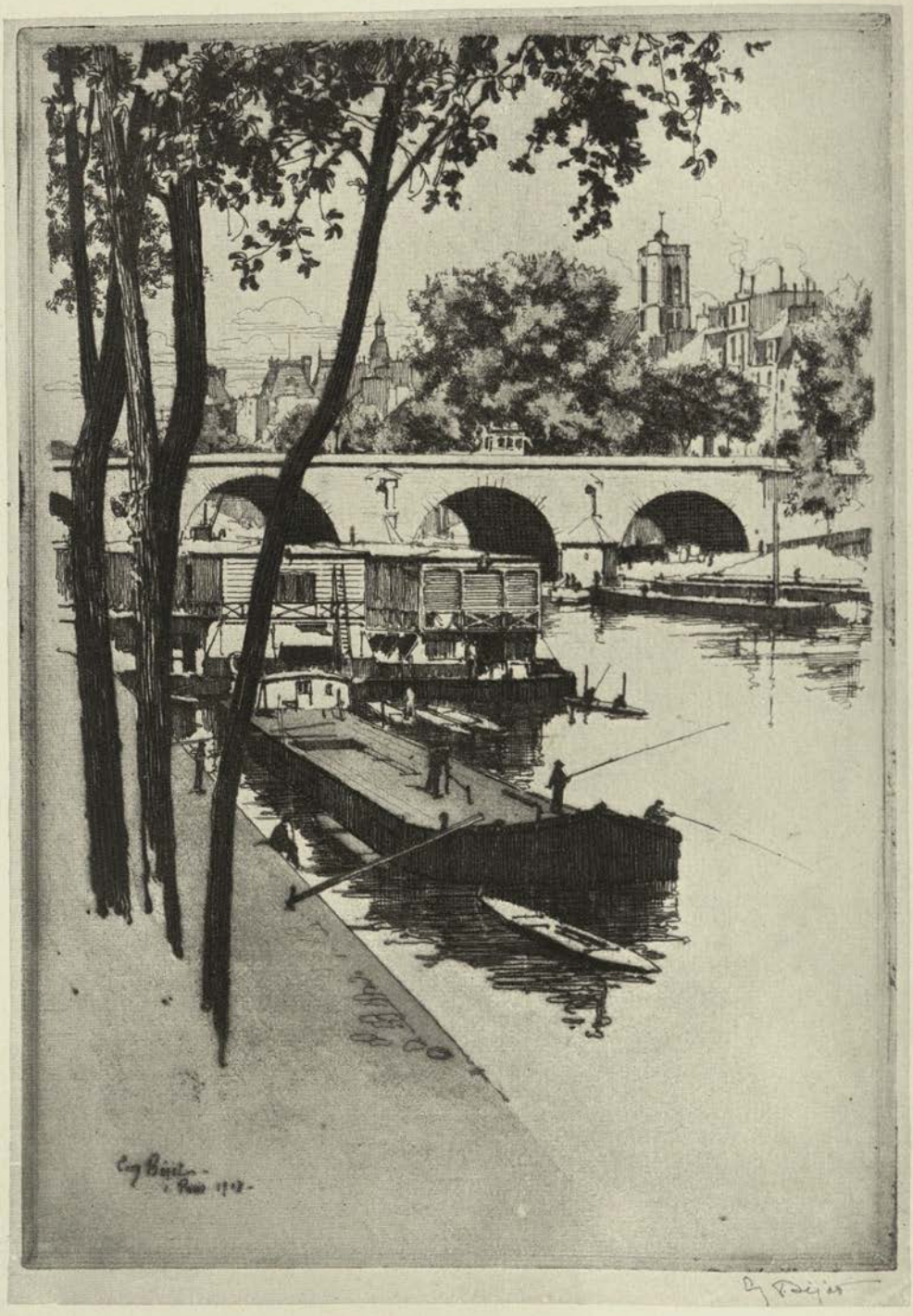
NOTRE-DAME ET LE QUAI DE BÉTHUNE. ETCHING BY A. R. KEMPLEN



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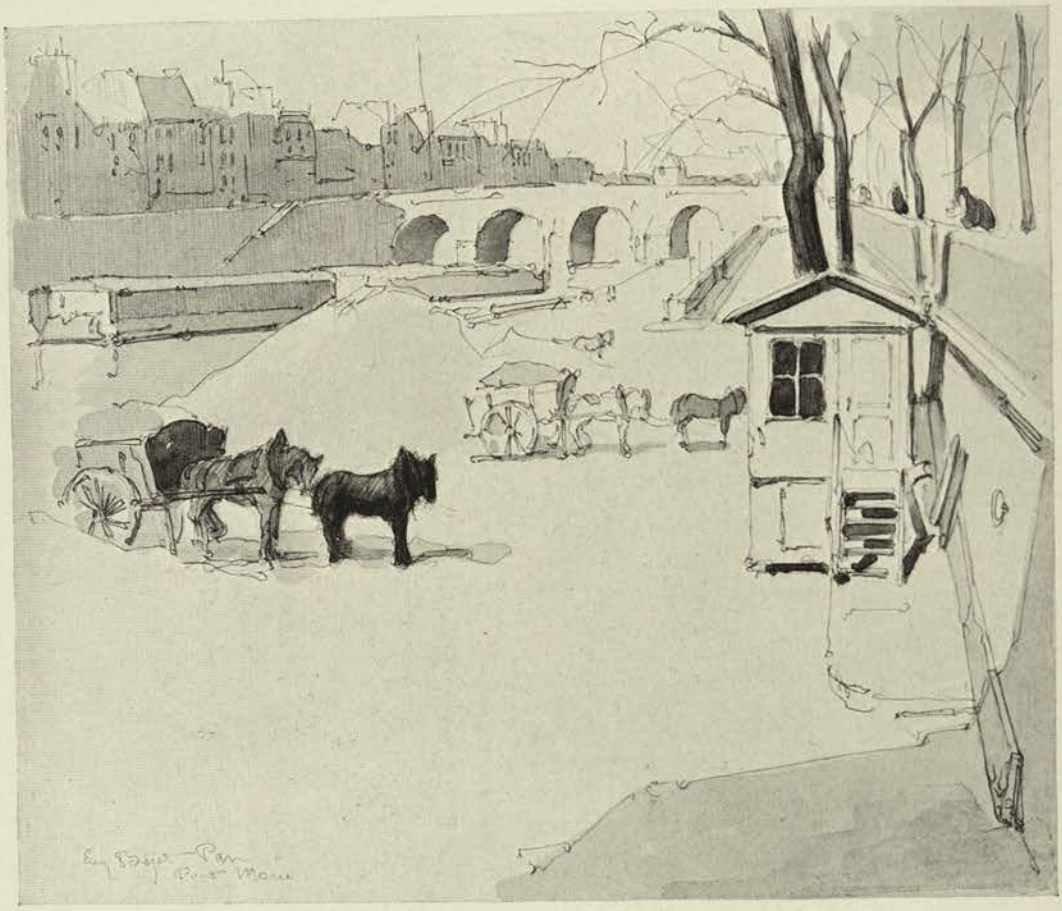

LE PONT MARIE-LES TOMBEREAUX
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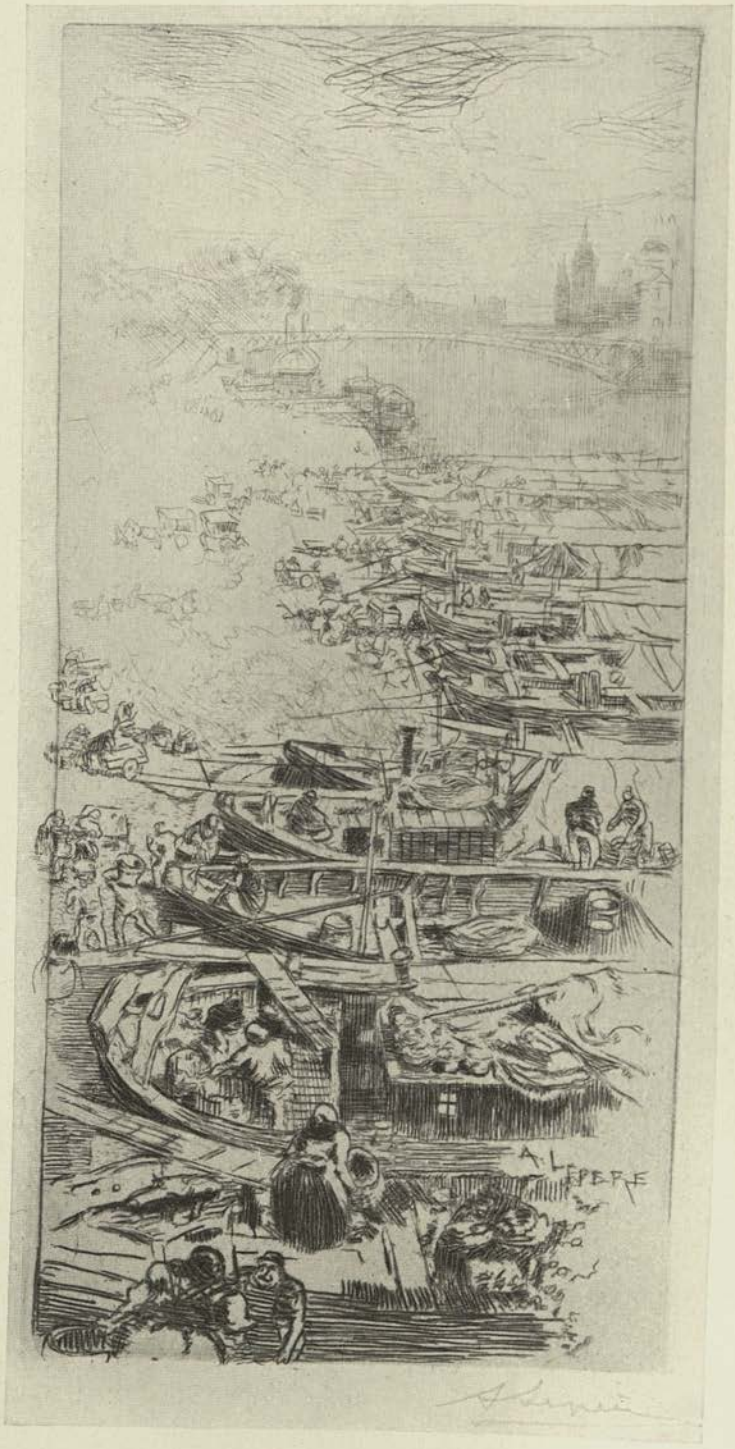
L'ABREUVOIR AU PONT MARIE. ETCHING BY A. LEPÈRE




LE MARCHÉ AUX POMMES
ETCHING BY A. LEPÈRE

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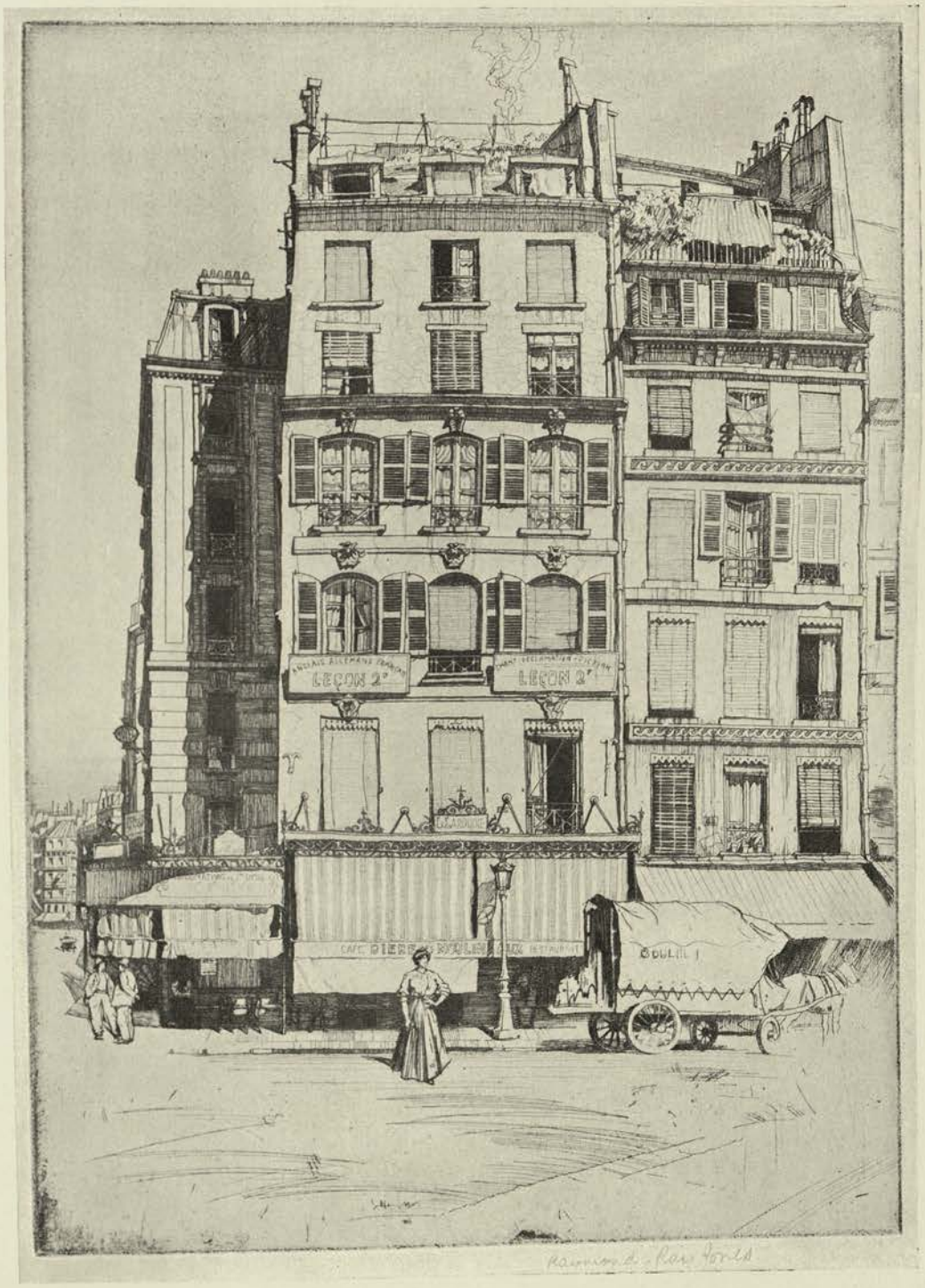


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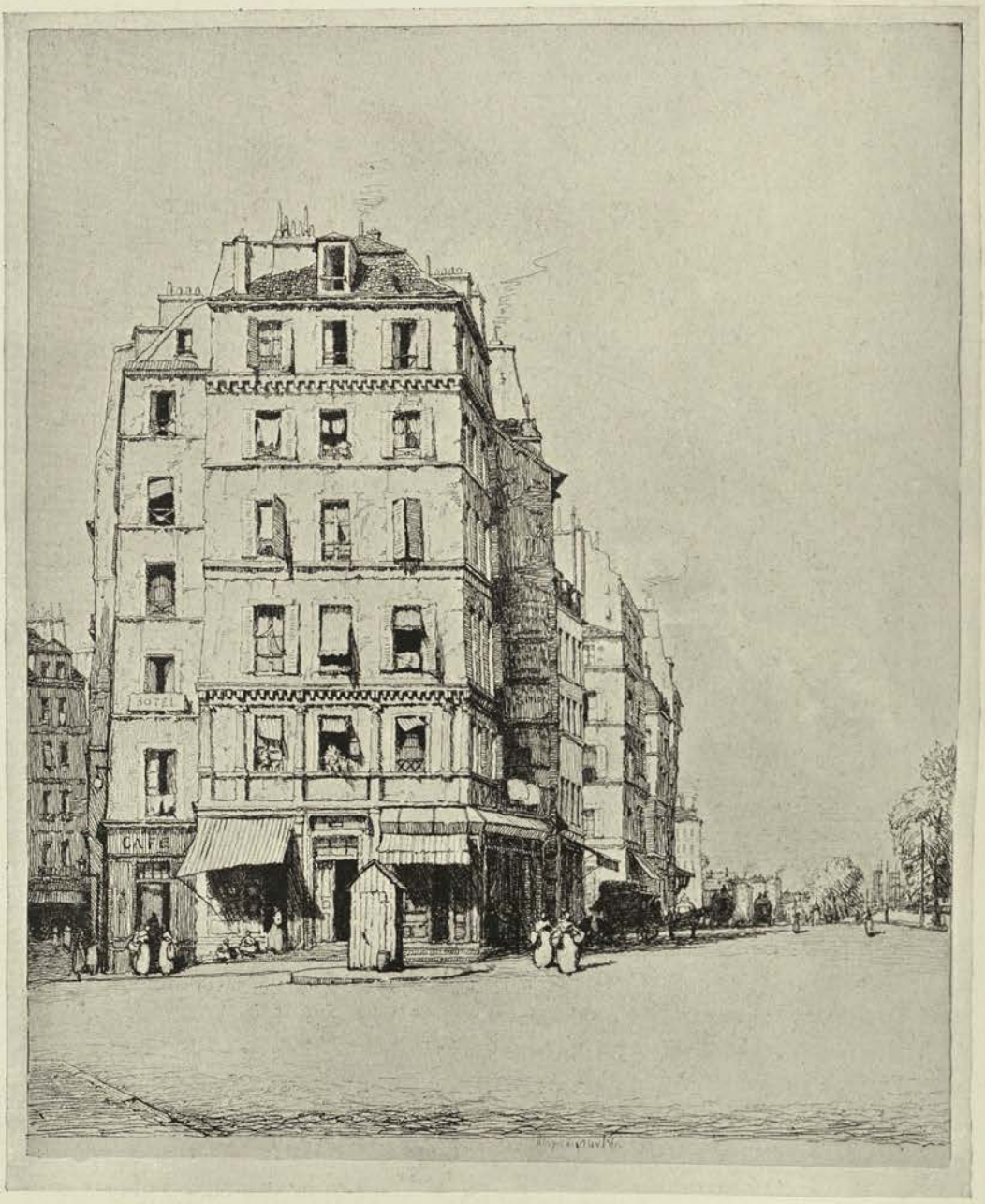
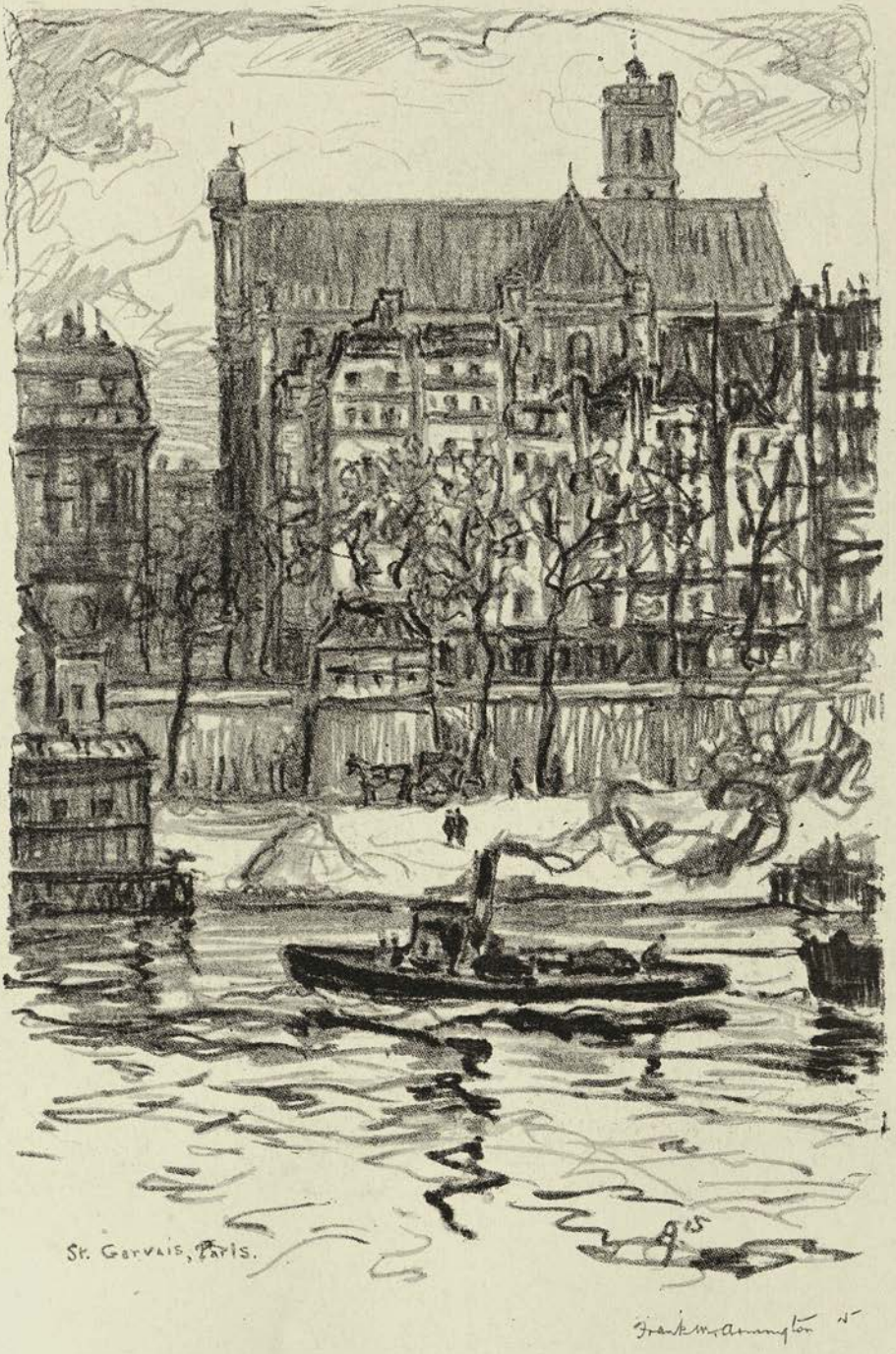
QUAI DE L'HÔTEL DE VILLE. ETCHING BY RAYMOND RAY-JONES, A.R.E.




OLD HOUSES ON THE QUAY. ETCHING
BY HERMAN A. WEBSTER




ST. GERVAIS. LITHOGRAPH BY FRANK M. ARMINGTON '15

QUAI DE L'HÔTEL DE VILLE. ETCHING BY EDGAR CHAHINE

PÉNICHES SUR LA SEINE. LITHOGRAPH
BY FRANK M. ARMINGTON

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QUAI DES CÉLESTINS. ETCHING BY EDGAR CHAHINE

QUAI DES CÉLESTINS. ETCHING BY CH. HEYMAN

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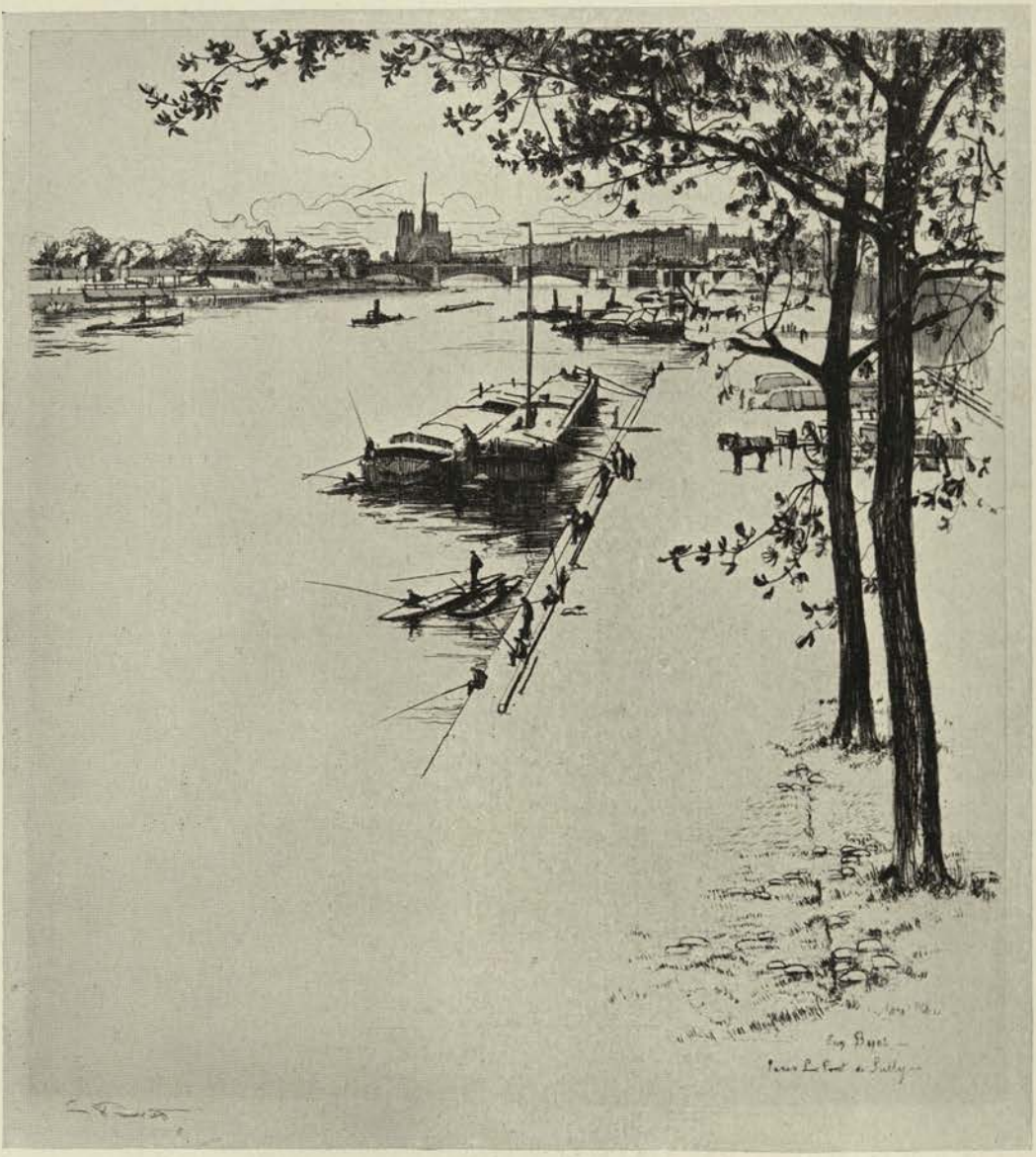
ST. GERVAIS. ETCHING BY EDGAR CHAHINE



LE PONT DE SULLY. ETCHING BY EUG. BÉJOT, R.E.

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LE PORT HENRI-QUATRE. ETCHING BY RAYMOND RAY-JONES, A.R.E.

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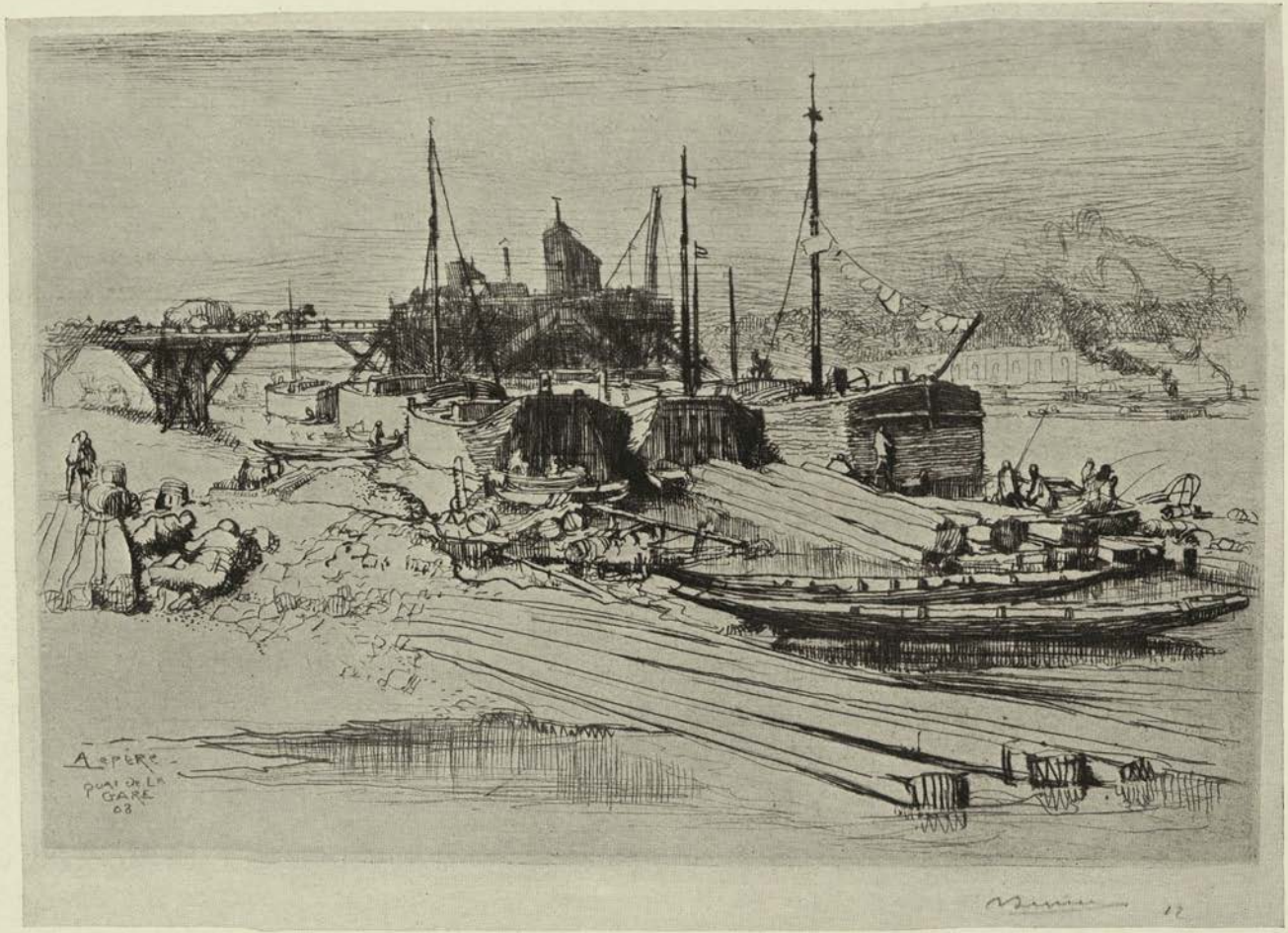
LA SEINE AU PONT NATIONAL. ETCHING BY A. LEPÈRE



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DÉCHARGE PUBLIQUE, QUAI DE LA GARE. ETCHING BY A. LEPÈRE

(*Edition Prouté*)

QUAI DE JEMMAPES. ETCHING BY LUCIEN GAUTIER

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LE CANAL ST. MARTIN. ETCHING BY EUG. BÉJOT, R.E.

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LA BIÈVRE À GENTILLY. ETCHING BY P. ROY

# CHURCHES

OF all ecclesiastical architecture, I doubt if there is any of which more has been written than the Cathedral of Notre-Dame; and certainly none that has more temptingly allured the etcher and painter. Her grey towers and spire stand mysteriously solemn on the Ile de la Cité, their monuments of memory attracting from all parts the dilettante and the seer to her fair homeland. Old but not aged, the elixir of life has been ministered unto her through bloody wars, comedy, and tragedy. Her little clustering broods of surrounding churches and chapels have all been swept away, and it seems hard to believe Felibien's map of 1725, where no fewer than eighteen are indicated. If the spirits of the past arose, few of them would recognise the rue d'Arcole in front of Our Lady as the site of the old church of St. Landry, or the large Halle aux Vins, with its piles of barrels, as that of L'Eglise et l'Abbaye St. Victor (p. 87), or the Quai des Célestins as the site of the church whose name it recalls (p. 87). They can, however, still haunt that treasured remnant of St. Jacques la Boucherie (p. 86), and revel again in the little garden surrounding its tower, a landmark known and pointed out to all as La Tour St. Jacques.

Due to some extent to the Revolution and the rebuilding of Paris, many of its famed religious establishments, like their originators, have disappeared, their memory only being retained in name by some modern or ancient street. Though even in faint memory St. Sépulcre (p. 90) is neglected, as there is little to remind one of its existence at No. 124 rue St. Denis. To find out these hallowed grounds makes a fascinating search, though one's wanderings are oft-times doubtfully satisfied and not always monumentally repaid. Few, I think, would find any trace of Les Chartreux (p. 92) in the little street of the same name running off the rue d'Assas into the Avenue de l'Observatoire, though one might deem that delightful avenue of trees which forms part of what is better known as the little Luxembourg Gardens to be the ground of an ancient monastery, and the greater gardens those of some convent sanctuary. However, No. 25 rue Denfert Rochereau recalls the ancient convent of Les Carmélites (p. 92) and shares with the rue St. Jacques and Pierre Nicole interesting memories of its remnants and gardens. At No. 284 rue St. Jacques one will find a charming little courtyard, now occupied by a smithy and hand-barrow hirer; its stately door was the seventeenth-century entrance to the Convent of the Carmelite Sisters, and the one through which Louise de la Valtière entered to spend the remaining years of her life, after giving up her gayer one of the Court and its pleasures, at the age of thirty.

From the scattered remnants of the Carmelite convent one has not far to travel to those of L'Abbaye St. Geneviève, yet it will be difficult to conceive any similarity with the accompanying early illustration on

page 91 and that of the domed Panthéon of to-day. The Panthéon, however, occupies but a small portion of the grounds of the ancient abbey, the church of which stood on the site of the now narrow rue Clovis; the tower alone remaining bears the name of Clovis, the savage King of the Franks, whose conversion forms part of the charming story associated with the life of the saintly Geneviève.

There are few more fascinating places in Paris than those surrounding the grounds of the ancient abbey. Near by and in close relation to its later life stands St. Etienne-du-Mont, often wrongly said, no doubt on account of its quaint mixture of architecture, to be the oldest church in Paris. From the 3rd to about the 10th of January the fête and neuvaine of Sainte Geneviève are held in the church, and the porch becomes the centre of an old-world religious fair. Under the shade of large umbrellas one may purchase ecclesiastical volumes, including the Lives of the Saints; and if you desire one with a more alluring title, "Mary's Rose Trees" may tempt you. It is truly a time for the artist to visit the Mount, and at the wintry season of the year there is no other more quaintly picturesque scene in Paris. Amidst the busy medley imagination may recall a pale and startled face of a disfrocked priest in black staggering into the square, with his hands bloody red. For there it was at three o'clock on the 3rd of January, 1857, that Verger was arrested after stabbing to the heart on the altar steps the Archbishop Monseigneur Sibour.

Paris and her churches are full of similar gruesome recollections, and as one sits sketching it is difficult to ignore insistent dreaming that maybe through the ominous portals may come some saintly one, or a fearsome revolutionary rabble. Amongst the many churches, perhaps the one most likely to be overlooked is the pathetic little Greek church, St. Julien-le-Pauvre. If it were not for the knowledge of its existence I doubt if anyone would, even by accident, find it. Tucked away in a courtyard of the narrow rue St. Julien-le-Pauvre (truly, in character, symbolic of its name), it nevertheless claims the artist's and historian's attention. For it was certainly of this old church that Dante speaks, and the one to which he came to say his prayers after the violent discussions in the rue du Fouarre, or Street of Straw. Close to it, and hidden away like St. Julien-le-Pauvre, stands the ancient church of St. Séverin, its existence making itself known by its graceful tower and spire. The demolitioner, whose hand, however, is for the moment stayed, has been hard at work on the surrounding buildings, and I have no doubt in a year or two St. Séverin will no longer be able to hide its present poetical glory.

Not far away one is attracted by the fascinating Bell Tower and gable end of St. Nicolas-du-Chardonnet; the entrance and face of the church, however, have little to commend them, its only interest being its artistic

massing and telling lines viewed from the corner of the rue des Bernardins and the Boulevard St. Germain. A little further along, near the wide terminus to the broad rue de Rennes, stands the old church of St. Germain-des-Prés, whose foundations, after that of Notre-Dame, are the oldest in Paris. Though seemingly much ignored by artists, it is one of the most picturesque churches in Paris. Innumerable volumes have been devoted to its history, its abbey being at one time the most important in Europe. Fragments of the original building memorably adorn the restful garden at the side. In touch with the church runs the famous rue Bonaparte, where, at No. 14, are the entrance gates to the Ecole des Beaux Arts, which occupies the site of all that remains from Revolutionary destruction of the venerable Eglise and Convent des Petits Augustins (p. 90). The chapel of the monastery being now converted into a Musée de la Renaissance, echoes no more the prayers or footsteps of the saintly, unless, perchance, one should find one reincarnated amongst the many art students who traverse its floors.

Overlooking St. Germain-des-Prés and St. Nicolas-du-Chardonnet rise the tall square towers of St. Sulpice, in the fountain-place that bears its name. Big and ponderous, it is not beautiful as a whole, yet from the rue St. Sulpice one of its uneven and ambitious towers makes a charming sky-line and design with the narrow street and its adjacent buildings.

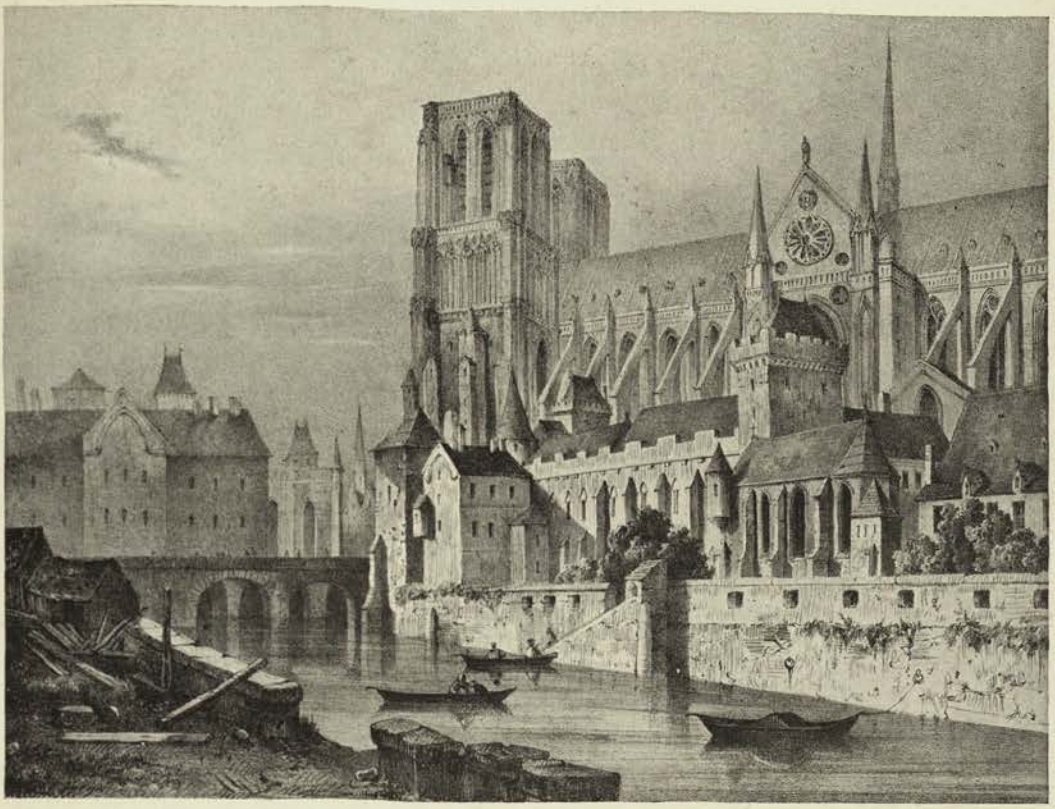
Confused often in name with St. Germain-des-Prés, St. Germain-l'Auxerrois, the old-time parish church of the Louvre and the Tuileries, claims more sombre thoughts. Its weather-beaten face and gilt decorations still seem to bear melancholy memories of its tower-bell sounding the signal for the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Not far from it, just behind the large pavilion of the Marché des Halles, is the church of St. Eustache, or "Notre-Dame des Halles" as the market women name it. During the troublous times of the Revolution its mixed architecture, inside and out, suffered disaster and for some two years the church was used as a temple of agriculture. But to-day it stands with its great doors ever open to all who seek the comforts of a sainted sanctuary.

Then there is the old church of St. Merri, in the rue St. Martin, whose sculptured porch is much beloved by painter-etchers. The statues which originally adorned it were destroyed during the Revolution, and those which now take their place are replicas from casts of those at Notre-Dame. Higher up, at No. 254, the church of St. Nicolas-des-Champs is more uncommonly interesting. Rebuilt and enlarged from a small twelfth-century chapel on the domain of the wealthy priory of St. Martin, it is now one of the longest churches in Paris and a unique flamboyant styled memorial of the patron saint of little children and pawnbrokers

Almost in touch with it, on the same domain, the Conservatoire des

Arts et Métiers with its undestroyed wall-turret gives one an excellent idea of the rich priory's ancient foundation. But no cowled monk crosses its courtyard leading to its cloisters, unless it be to see the hydraulic machinery enclosed in its church, or visit the public library in its refectory. One can rejoice, however, that so much of the old abbey remains survived Revolutionary destruction and the almost equal vandalism of the Restoration days; though to the Restoration one must be thankful for the saving of the partly hidden Gothic masterpiece, La Sainte Chapelle, built originally by Pierre de Montereau for the saintly King Louis to contain the crown of thorns and a piece of the true cross which he purchased from the Emperor Baldwin. Terrible the state of dilapidation seems to have been into which it had fallen: tracery windows gone, plaster taking the place of glass, and the old forty-four-stepped Renaissance staircase taken entirely away. But to-day the church stands in one of the Palais de Justice courtyards, from which its tall tapering spire indicates the existence of what is considered to be one of the most perfect examples of Gothic art in the world. Yet, with all its jewel-like ornamentation, I feel it to be but a superficially great creation of masterly craftsmanship, less impressive than the simplicity of holiness expressed in another church of more humble birth and origin, St. Denis de la Chapelle—a quaint little church which I do not think you will find mentioned in any of the recognised aids to the stranger in Paris, though for years it has unobtrusively nestled at 96 rue de la Chapelle, with a lately demolished boulangerie, founded in 1779, on one side and modern shops and dwellings on the other. It was at its humble altar on the 6th, 7th, and 8th of November, 1429, that Jeanne d'Arc took communion, and, of all statues erected to her memory in Paris, I think none quite compare with one's ideal of the visionary maid, as that by Charpentier placed at the side of the entrance-door by Louis XVI.

Close by, on the heights of Montmartre, like a white sentinel of the hills, the grey towers of the unfinished Eglise de la Sacré-Cœur loom up. From its steps one may look down on Paris, stretched out like a rippled sea, and behold the sun flashing roofs and spires of still many other sanctuaries of God, through whose ever-open doors the rich and poor, the busy worker and the sad, pass to seek peace for their souls.



L'EVÊCHÉ (CIRCA 1550-1638). LITHOGRAPH AFTER PERNOT
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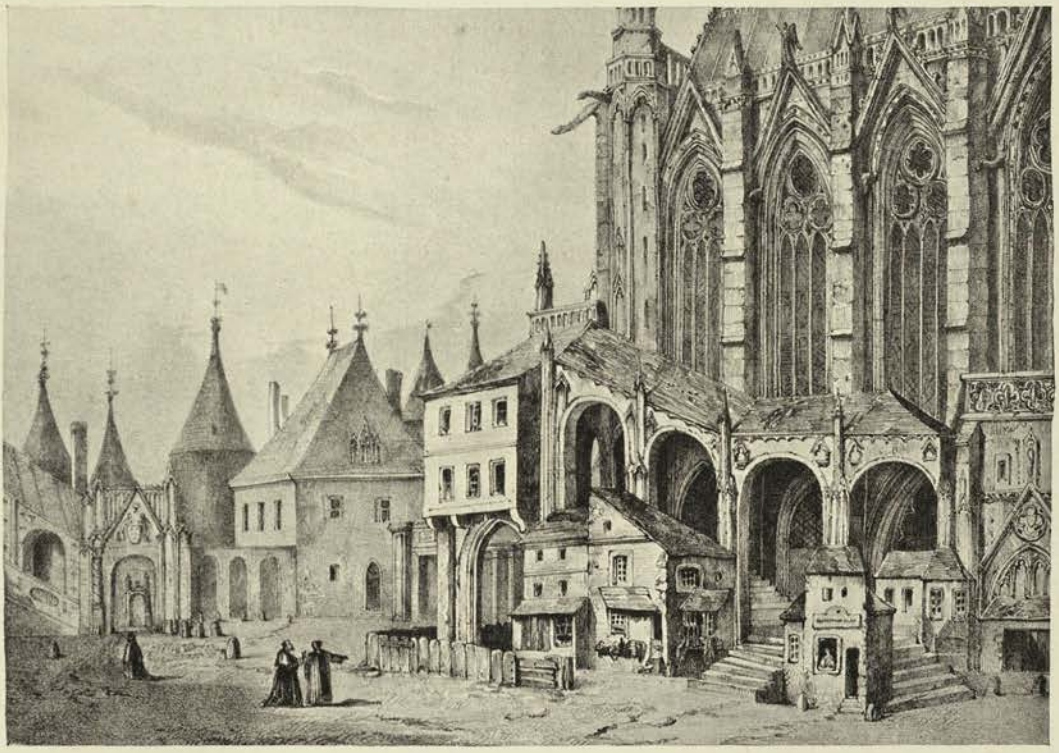
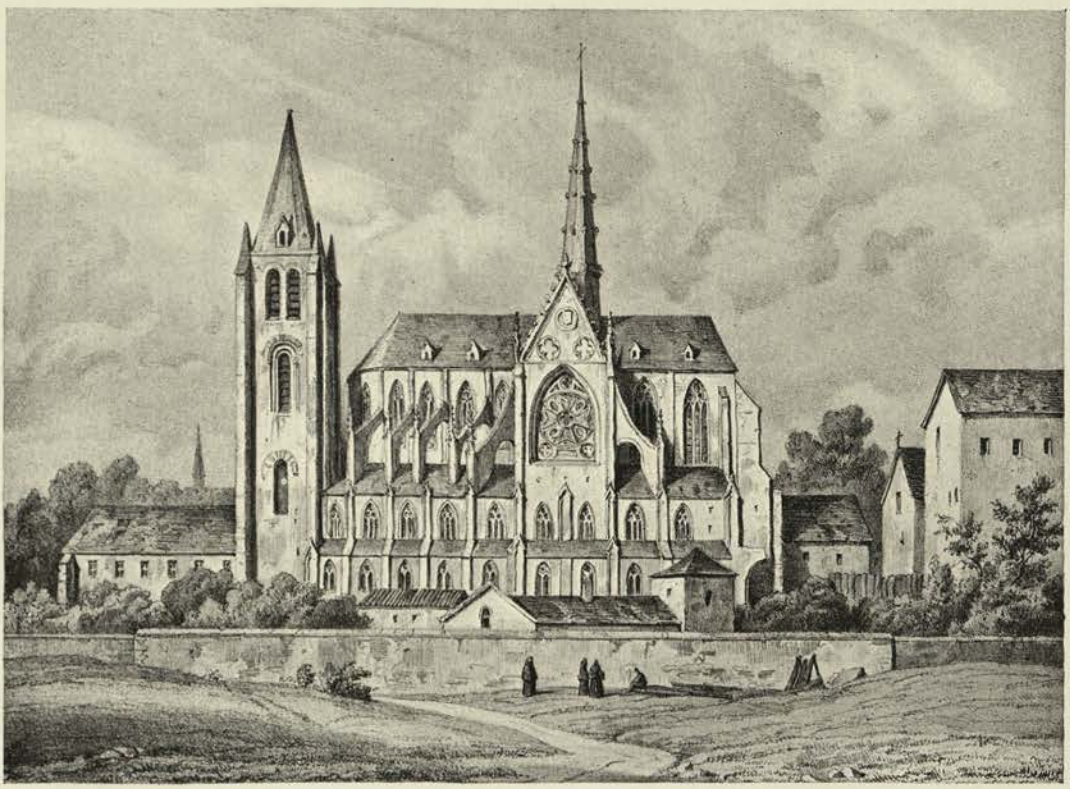


L'ESCALIER DE LA SAINTE CHAPELLE (IN 1700). LITHOGRAPH AFTER PERNOT
*(From "Le Vieux Paris." Pub. 1838-9)*

LE PORTAIL DE ST. JACQUES LA BOUCHERIE
LITHOGRAPH AFTER PERNOT
*(From "Le Vieux Paris." Pub. 1838–9)*

LA MAISON DU LIEUTENANT ET L'ÉGLISE ST. LANDRY (IN 1540)
LITHOGRAPH AFTER PERNOT
*(From "Le Vieux Paris." Pub. 1838–9)*

LES CÉLESTINS. LITHOGRAPH
*(From "Le Vieux Paris." Pub. 1838–9)*



L'ÉGLISE ET UNE PARTIE DE L'ABBAYE ST. VICTOR
LITHOGRAPH AFTER PERNOT
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L'ABBAYE ST. ANTOINE. LITHOGRAPH AFTER PERNOT
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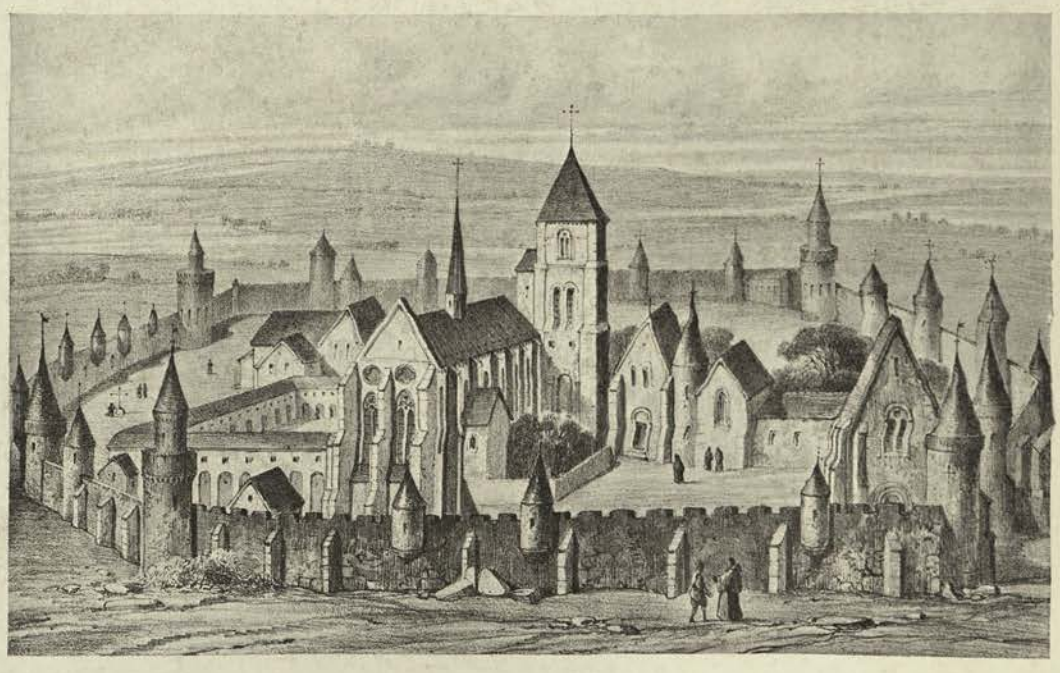

L'ABBAYE ST. MARTIN-DES-CHAMPS. LITHOGRAPH AFTER PERNOT
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LA FOIRE ST. GERMAIN-DES-PRÉS. LITHOGRAPH
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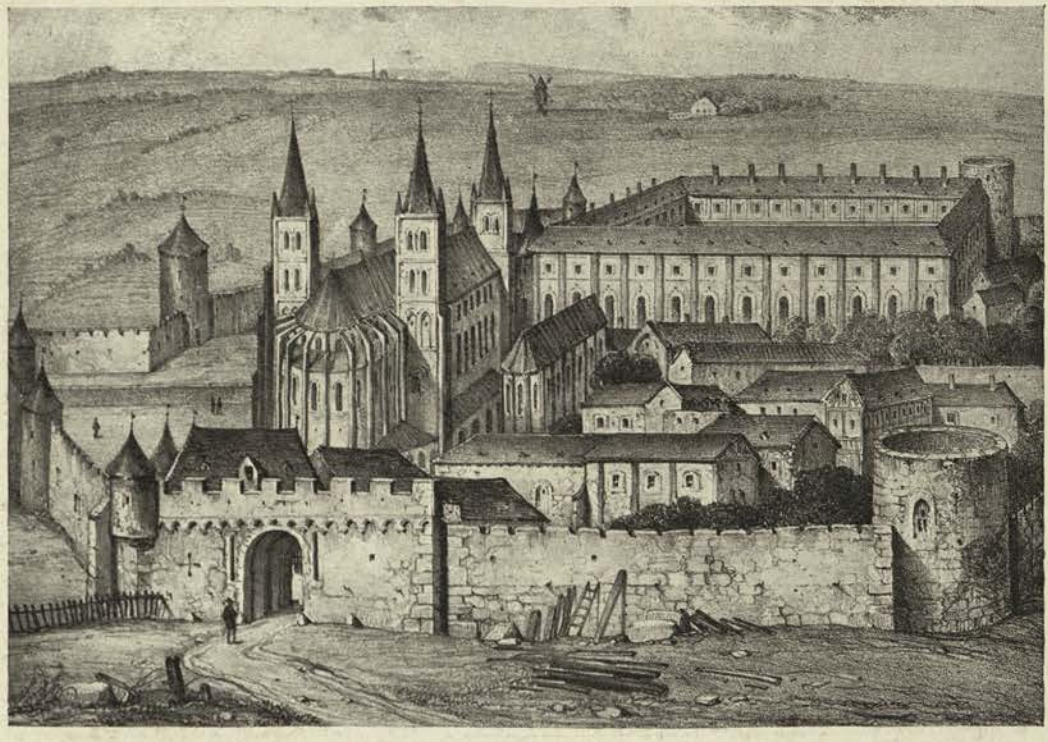
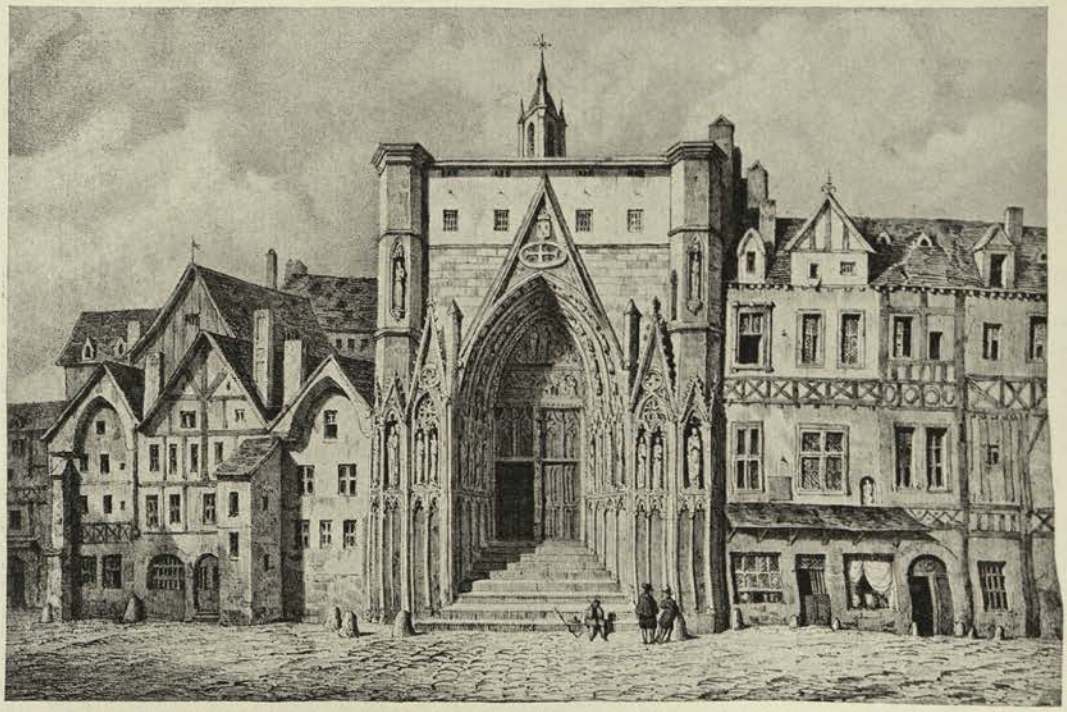


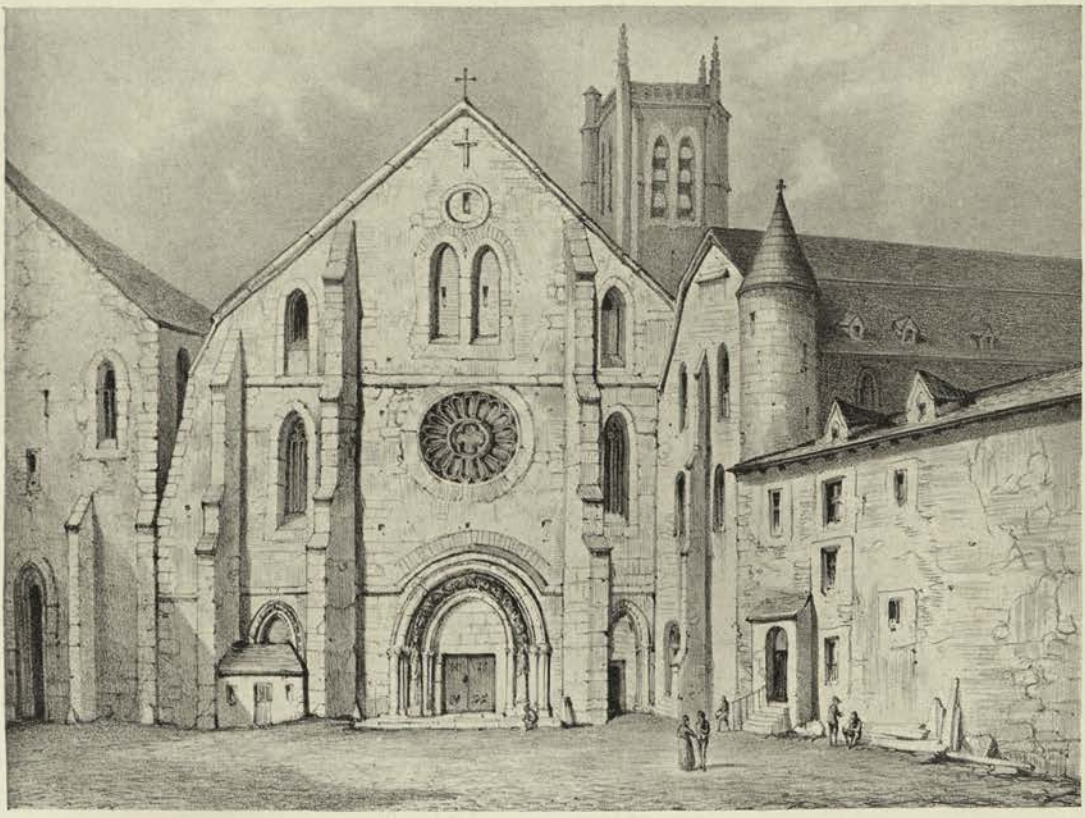
L'ABBAYE ST. GERMAIN-DES-PRÉS (IN THE XIVTH CENTURY)
LITHOGRAPH AFTER PERNOT
*(From "Le Vieux Paris." Pub. 1838–9)*

L'ÉGLISE ET LE COUVENT DES PETITS AUGUSTINS
LITHOGRAPH AFTER PERNOT
*(From "Le Vieux Paris." Pub. 1838–9)*



L'ÉGLISE DU SAINT SÉPULCRE. LITHOGRAPH AFTER PERNOT
*(From "Le Vieux Paris." Pub. 1838–9)*

L'ÉGLISE ET LE CLOÎTRE DU COLLÈGE DE CLUNY (IN 1824)
LITHOGRAPH AFTER PERNOT
*(From "Le Vieux Paris." Pub. 1838–9)*



LE PORTAIL DE L'ABBAYE SAINTE GENEVIÈVE
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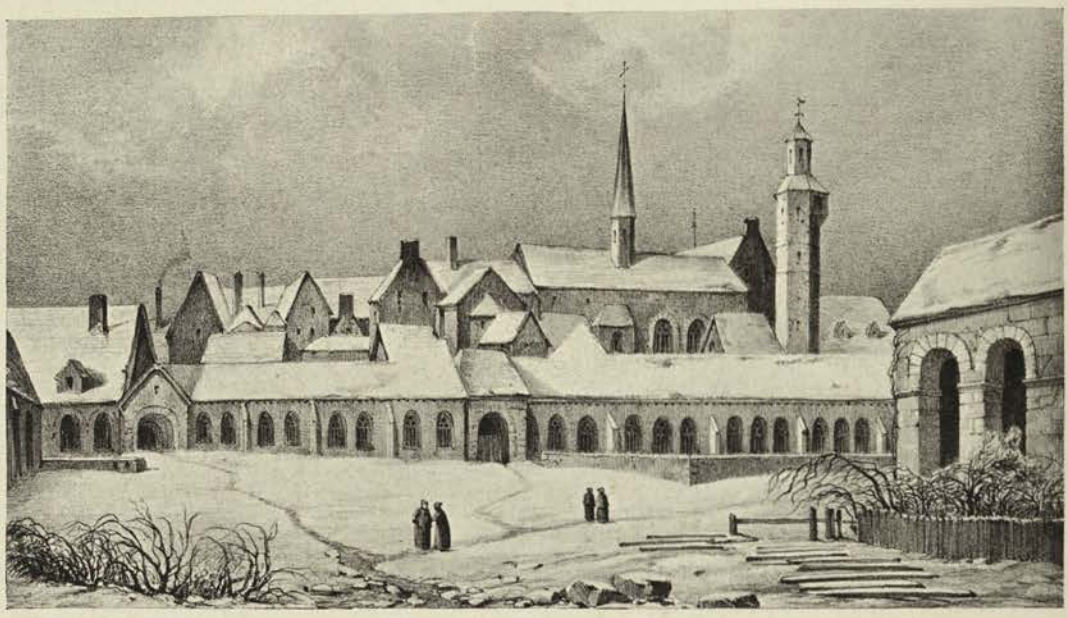

LES CHARTREUX. LITHOGRAPH AFTER PERNOT
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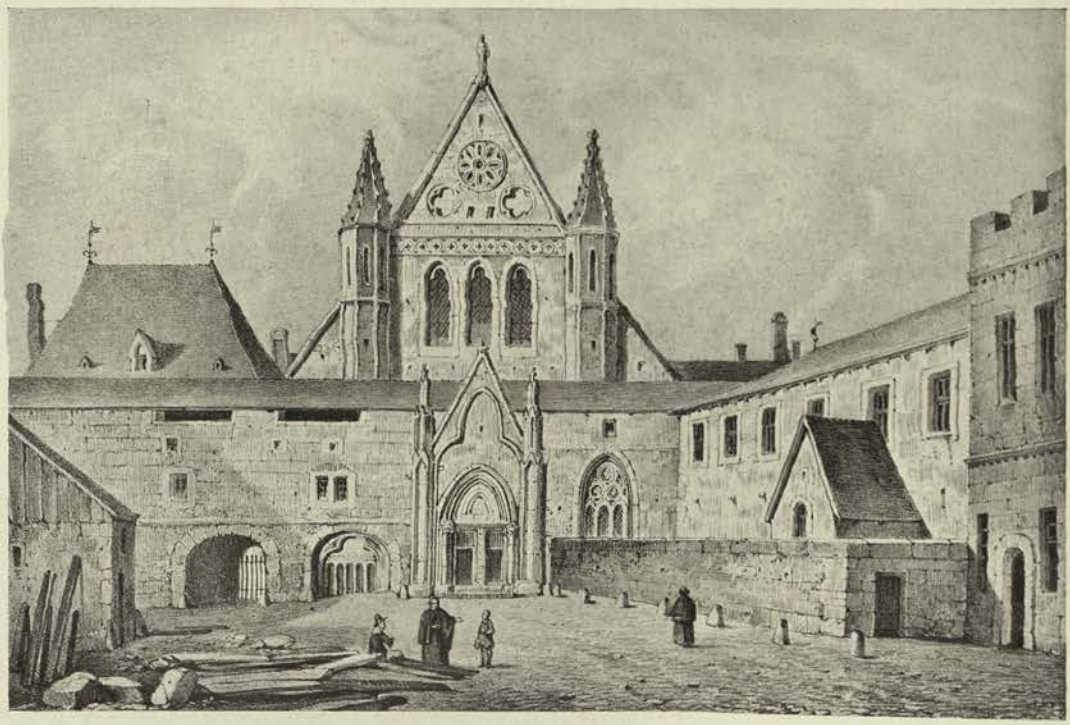

LES CARMÉLITES DE LA RUE D'ENFER
LITHOGRAPH AFTER PERNOT
*(From "Le Vieux Paris." Pub. 1838-9)*

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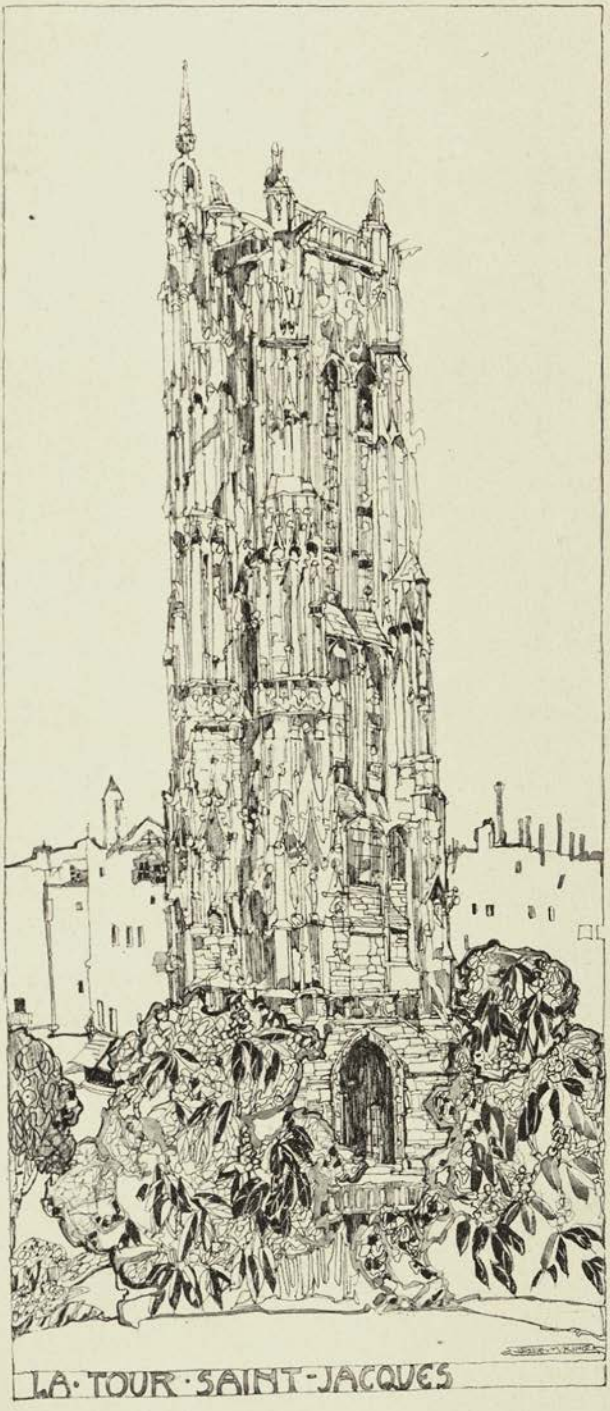
L'ABSIDE DE NOTRE-DAME. ETCHING BY EDGAR CHAHINE




LA TOUR ST.-JACQUES. DRAWING BY JESSIE M. KING

ST. GERMAIN-L'AUXERROIS—LA FAÇADE
ETCHING BY RAYMOND RAY-JONES, A.R.E.

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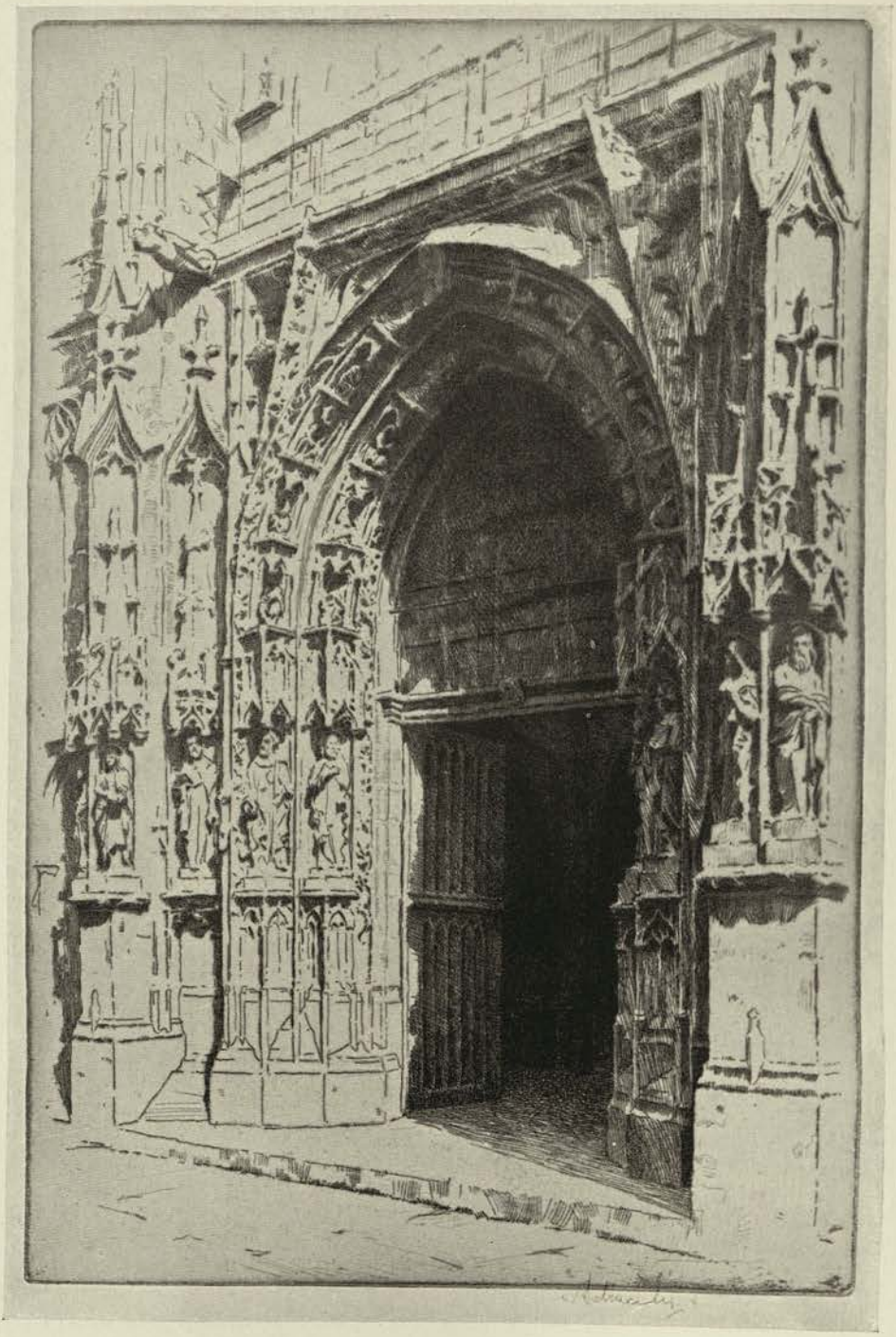
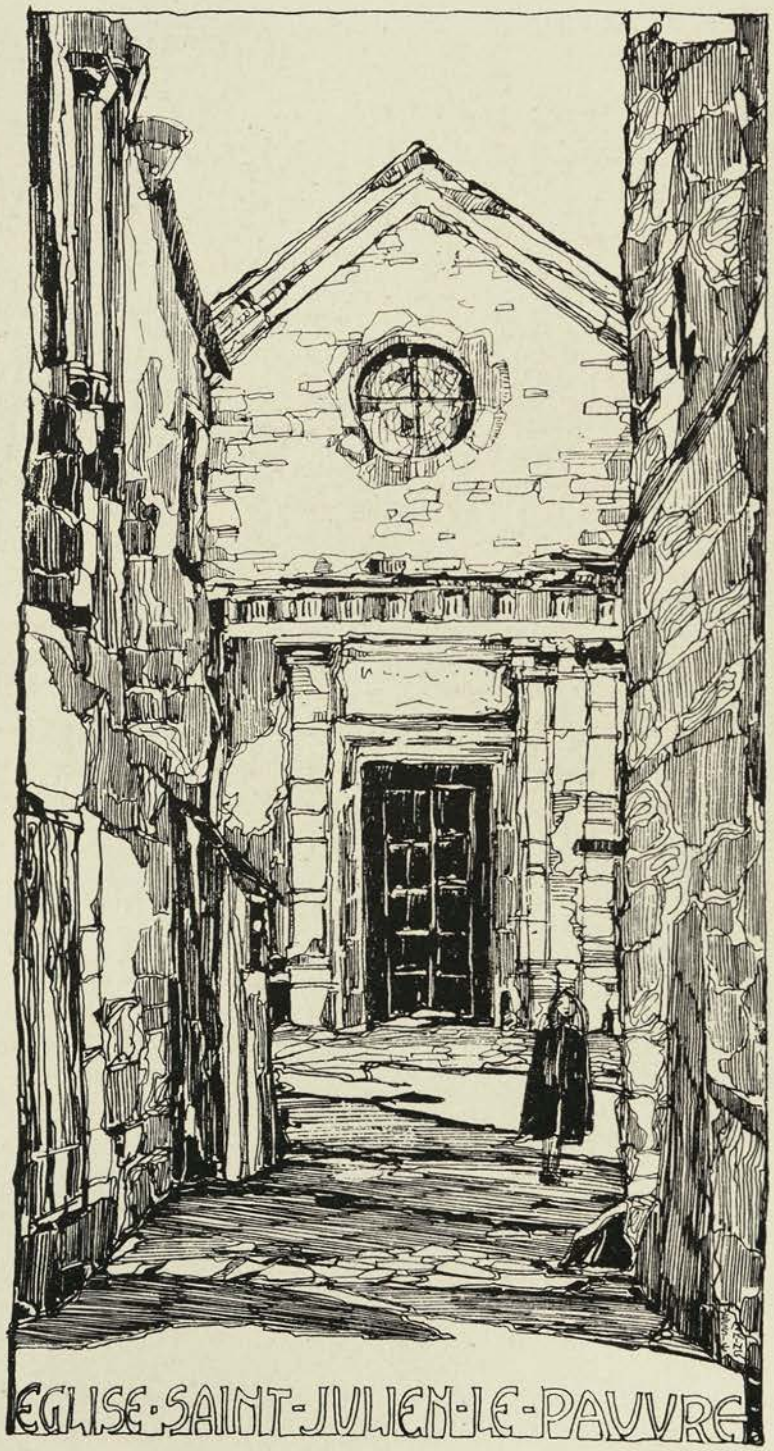
ST. GERMAIN-L'AUXERROIS. ETCHING BY RAYMOND RAY-JONES, A.R.E.



LE PORTAIL DE L'ÉGLISE ST. MERRI
ETCHING BY OTTO J. SCHNEIDER

LE PORTAIL DE L'ÉGLISE ST. NICOLAS-DES-CHAMPS
ETCHING BY OTTO J. SCHNEIDER




ST. JULIEN-LE-PAUVRE. DRAWING
BY JESSIE M. KING

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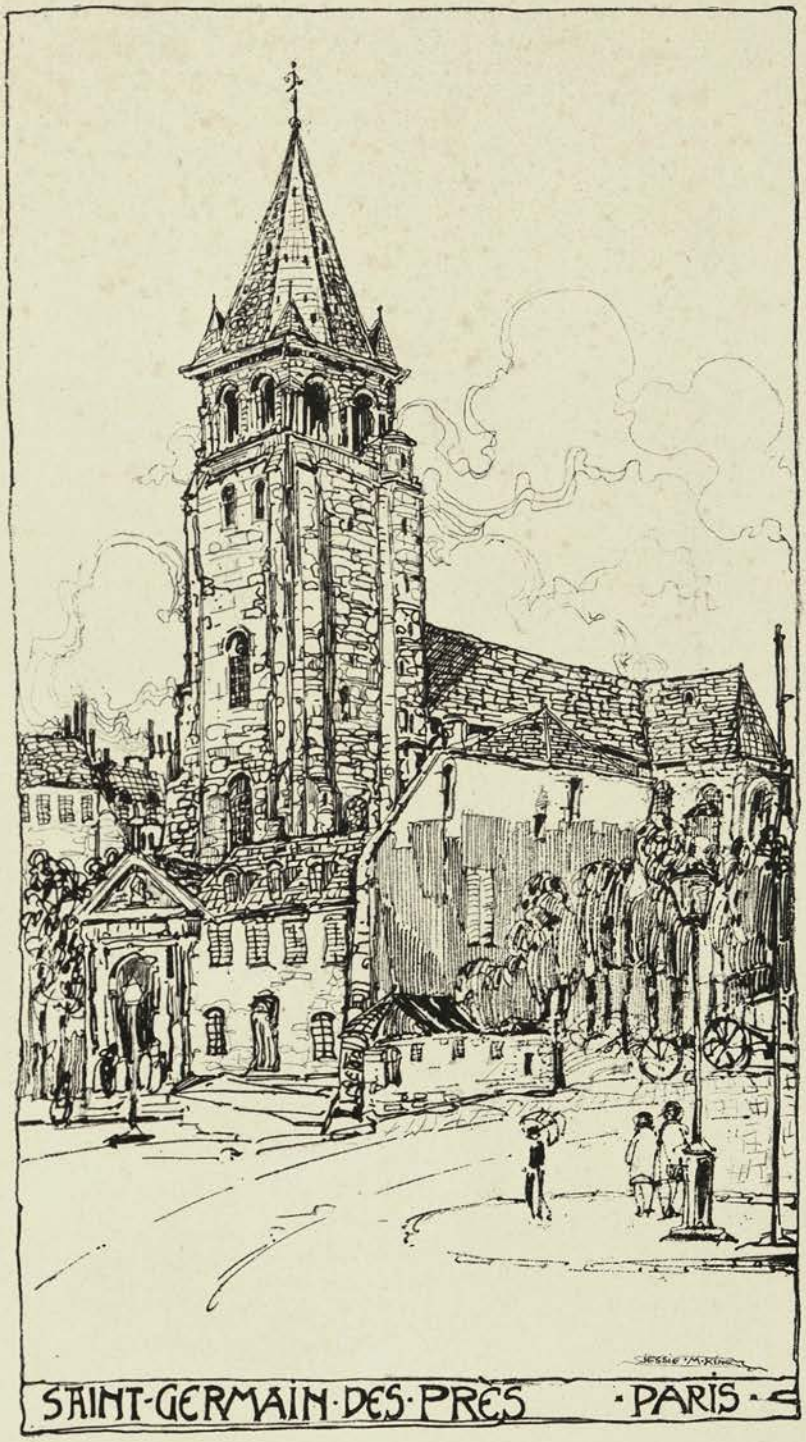
ST. JULIEN-LE-PAUVRE. DRAWING
BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.




ST. GERMAIN-DES-PRÉS. DRAWING BY JESSIE M. KING

ST. SULPICE. ETCHING BY
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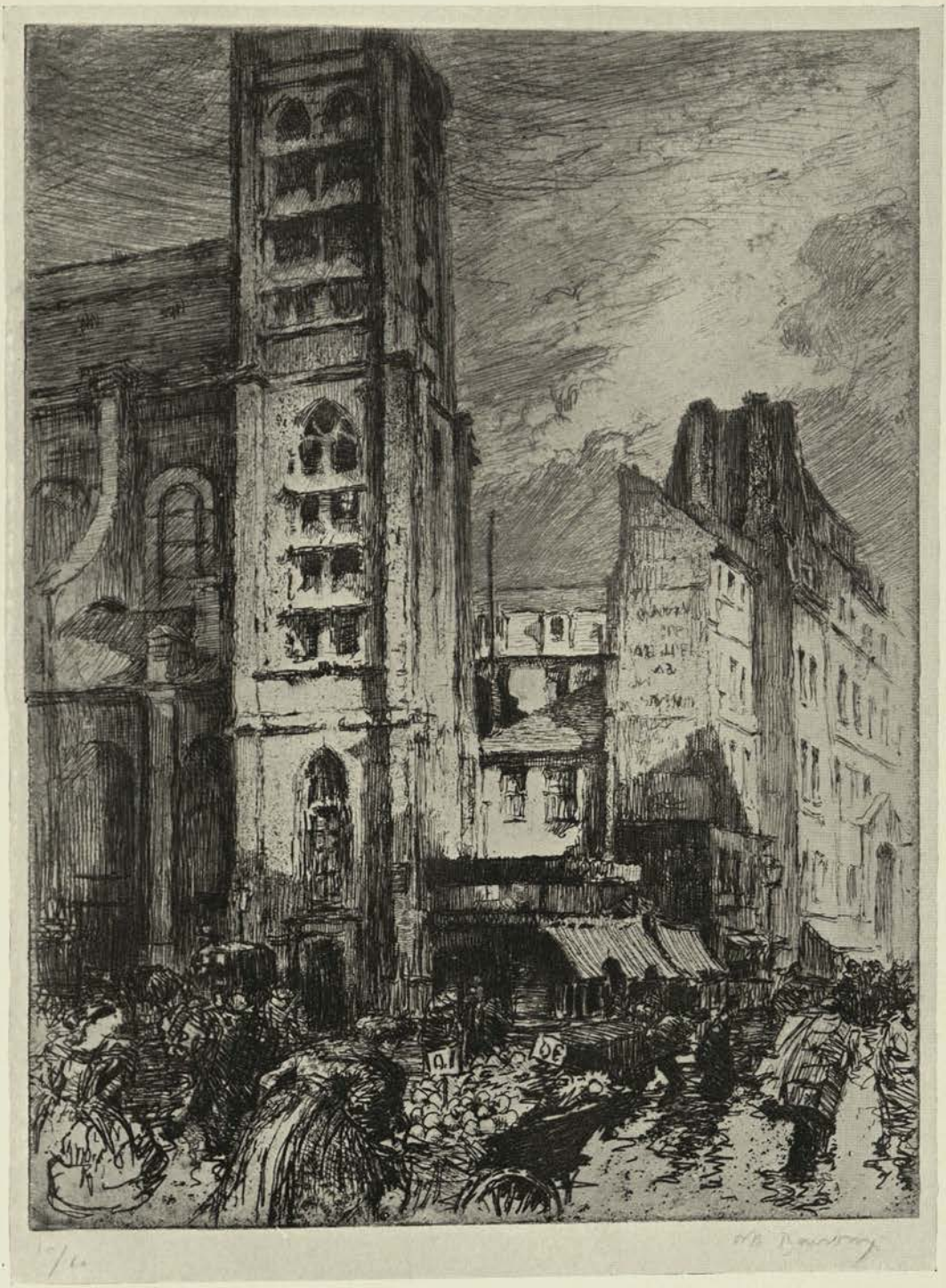
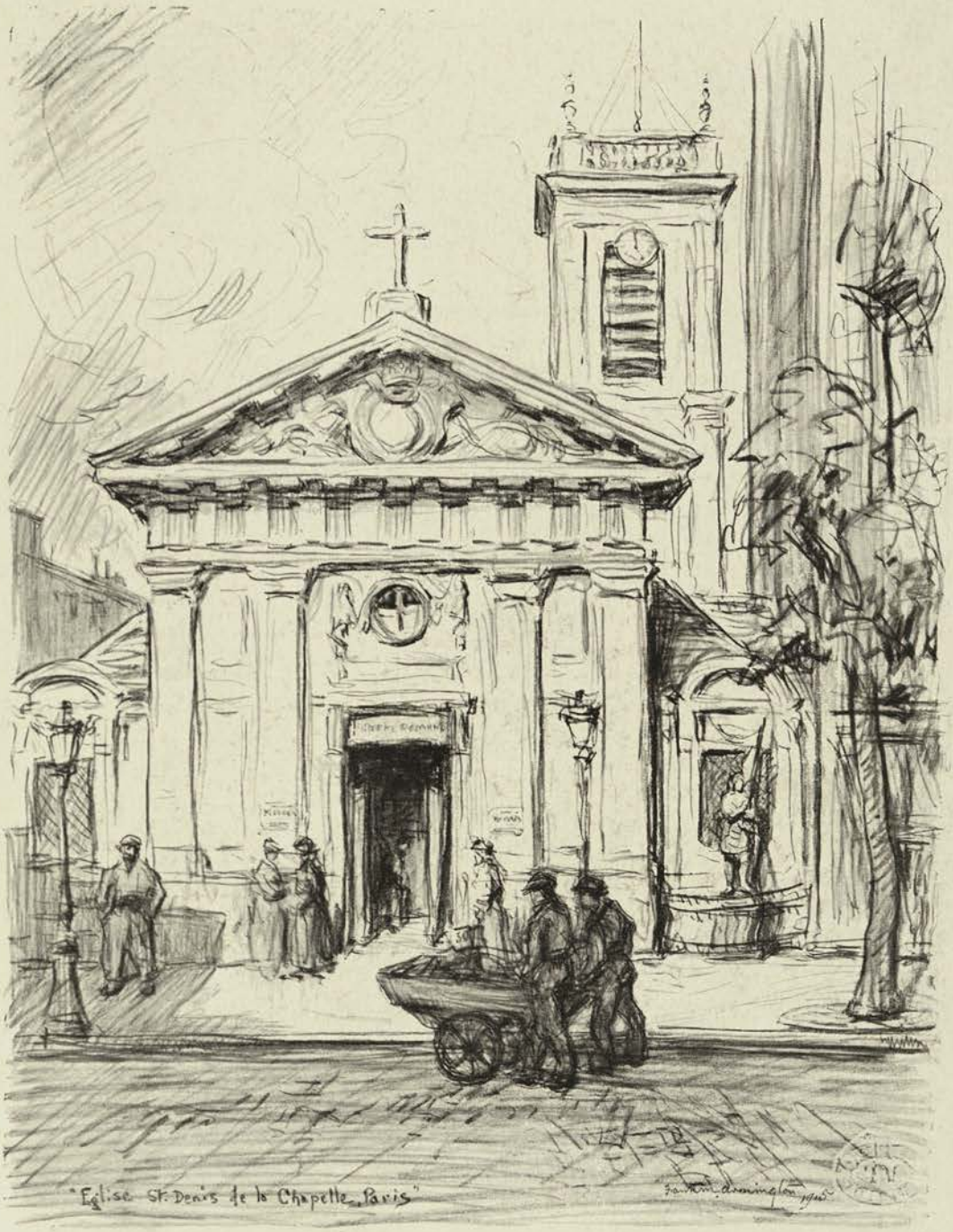
ST. NICOLAS-DU-CHARDONNET. ETCHING BY FRANK BRANGWYN, A.R.A.

ST. NICOLAS-DU-CHARDONNET. ETCHING
BY GEORGE T. PLOWMAN

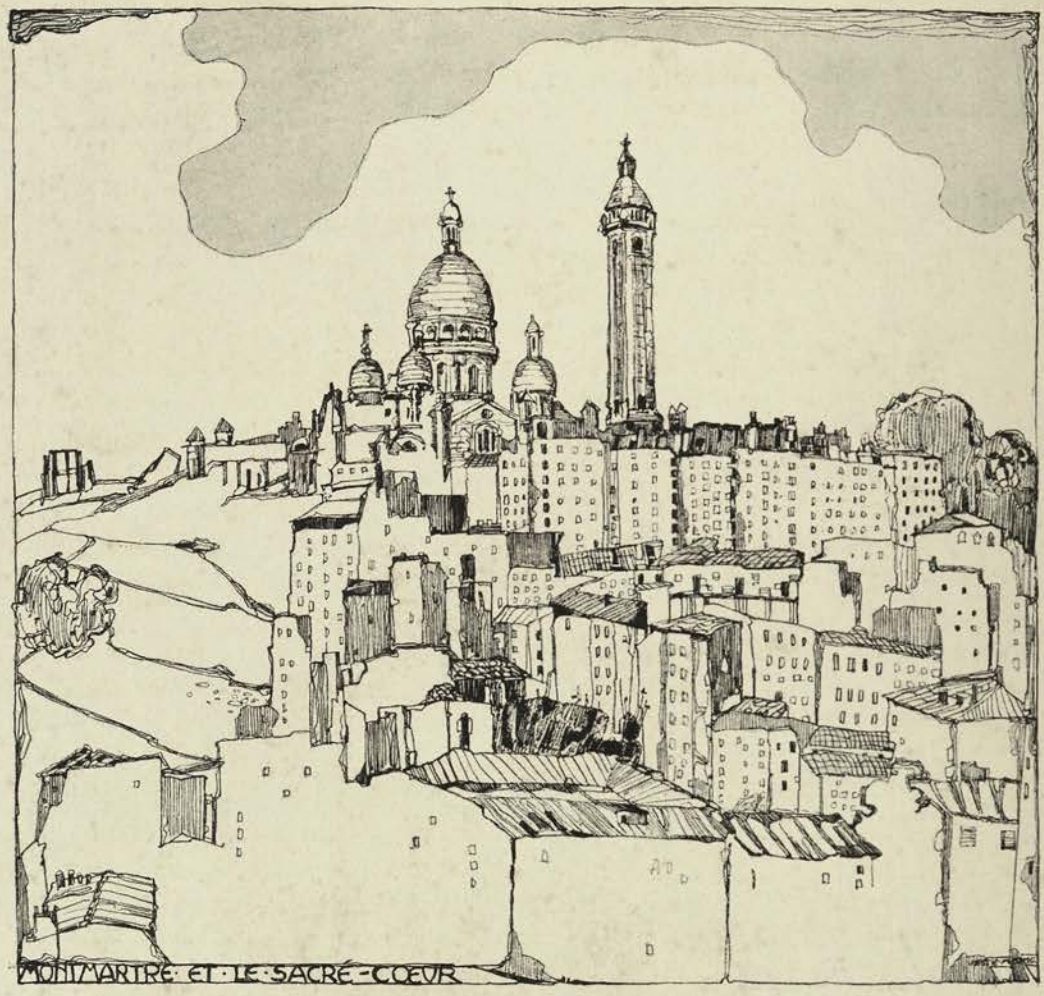


ST. NICOLAS-DU-CHARDONNET
ETCHING BY P. A. BOUROUX

ST. ÉTIENNE-DU-MONT. ETCHING
BY GEORGE T. PLOWMAN




ST. DENIS DE LA CHAPELLE. DRAWING BY FRANK M. ARMINGTON




MONTMARTRE ET LE SACRÉ-CŒUR
DRAWING BY JESSIE M. KING

# OLD STREETS, HOUSES & MARKETS

OF the old streets of Paris one will never grow tired, for some attractive interest abounds in almost every one. Even in the most modern of Boulevards accidental courtyards and impasses occur, in which the past still lives. For to such an extent is the old and new Paris intermingled, that no matter how newly planned it appears, it should not be neglected. True, many of the old haunts, reminiscent of horror and vice, are fast disappearing ; yet another world must dawn before Paris will swallow up the old in the new. Though uninviting many of her streets may appear, they all teem with spectres of the bygone, and, unlike those of other great cities, one never feels the designation of "slum" at all applicable. Smoke and grime have not filtered through them to such an extent as in the manufacturing towns, and the refuse market greenery strewn about in many of them has not the repellent force of trampled leafage : for even amongst it you may discover a lily still white. Perhaps the greatest effect of demolition will be found on the Ile de la Cité ; nevertheless, around Notre-Dame memories still survive.

The streets, rue Cloître de Notre-Dame, rue Massillon, rue Chanoinesse, rue de la Colombe, and rue des Ursins, have lost little of their ancient character. Of them all, perhaps, the dwelling-place of the clergy, the rue Chanoinesse, is the most famous and picturesque. There one may see the house of the Cardinal de Retz (No. 17), the site of Racine's house (No. 16), and at No. 10 thoughts may awaken the pathetic story of Abelard and Héloïse. For it was there Abelard's wretched uncle, Fulbert, lived. Should you be saddened by their memories, a few steps will bring you to the brilliant blaze of life and colour in the Marché aux Fleurs, where you may revel amongst rare roses, yellow blossoms, and heliotrope of wondrous shades. This same ground on Sunday is transformed into a market-place for birds of many hues. Their little voices may be heard in spite of the near conciergerie's grim memories along the Quai aux Fleurs, as far as No. 9, for there dwelt Abelard and Héloïse.

But one may not gather rosebuds all the way ; for across the bridge, on the left side of the Cité, we come to a network of old streets and houses where no bird sings. Doubting interest lies this way ; all make an alluring claim ; we will follow the illustrations, however, and enter the narrow little rue du Chat-qui-Pêche into the rue de la Huchette, where at No. 8, hungry, without work and without money, Bonaparte lodged in 1795. At the end of this sad street runs the angular rue de la Harpe, where there is now nothing of artistic interest except the glimpse obtained from it of the Boulevard St. Michel and the narrow rue de la Parcheminerie. By it one may enter the rue des Prêtres-St. Séverin and note the old church, whose vicious gargoyles leer down on an impertinent

snail, equivocating on his insignia of speciality. A few steps from here and we come to the melancholy rue St.-Julien-le-Pauvre and rue Galande leading into the place Maubert, a quarter of picturesque old Paris still saturated with far-off memories. The rue du Fouarre, or old street of straw, is here too, where Dante attended the classes of the famed master, Sigier de Brabant, whose everlasting light and teaching, in the street of straws, the poet recalls in his "Paradiso" (canto X. v. 136) :

Essa ē la luce eterna di Sigieri
Che leggendo nel vico degli strami.

But two houses are all that remain now, and one no longer sees the gates set up at either end as in 1358 to prevent the sordid from sleeping on fetid straw, on its roadway, or forcing their way for more comfort into its schoolhouses.

More of the rue des Anglais remains, however, and it is but a few months ago that I entered the famous Taverne Père Lunette. The sign of the spectacles had disappeared from above the doorway, but the uninviting tin counter was still there, and the wall crudely adorned with lively scenes and portraits, including the famous Père Lunette. The stains of student and apache vice have not quite left it ; a hang-dog feeling pervades the expression of the place and its inmates, only the spirits of those gone, who have drunken deep, seem to remain and tug at one for deliverance.

Close by is the Place Maubert, with its statue of Etienne Dolet, the printer philosopher, whose body was burned in 1546, and whose commonplace effigy now ignominiously adorns the place, facing the market sheds, built on the site of the monastery and church of the Carmelites, at the side of which slopes the delightful old rue de la Montagne Ste. Geneviève, leading up to the rue de l'Ecole Polytechnique; in which lies the ancient Impasse des Bœufs ; bearing little resemblance, however, to another Impasse of the same name on the right hand side of the river, off the rue St. Merri. But not least amongst the many charms of the rue de la Montagne-Ste. Geneviève is the delightful framing which the top of the quaint jumble of old houses makes with the church of St.-Etienne-du-Mont.

All around this old-time Latin Quarter one is arrested by streets and buildings still reminiscent of the middle ages, and it is not difficult to picture their dark aspect in the time of the ancient lantern-bearer days. Near at hand is the place du Panthéon and the rue Soufflot, leading into the aged rue St. Jacques, one of the most ancient streets in Paris. There the darkened square tower of the church St.-Jacques-du-Haut-Pas breaks the skyline of its medley of interesting houses, the church itself being in no way remarkable other than as an aid to an artistic composition of the street. At No. 284, however, more historical memories cling around the entrance to the bygone convent of the Carmelite Sisters and

the old monastery of English Benedictines now occupied by the Schola Cantorum at No. 29. Yet of all visions of the past the most lasting are those that occur before the site of the old house of Jean de Meung at No. 218. It was there "The Romaunt of the Rose" was written, and there poets of the past must have oft-time gathered, and maybe on some stilly night you might hear again the joyous laughter of that fine rascal François Villon.

But linger as I would, I must leave the rue St. Jacques, with its joys and melancholy past, and turn into the Fossés St. Jacques, the slopes of the rue Lhomond, passing the old house of the Hôtel Sainte-Aure, and follow the venerable little rue Pot-de-Fer to the rue Mouffetard, for, of all streets in Paris, one will find none more fascinating to the artist than this. A market street every morning, and narrow indeed, one jostles one's way down amidst a galaxy of garden splendour; Mary's Lilies you may have for two sous the bunch, or bright, cleanly looking carrots, proclaimed for their domestic excellence. I have never grown tired of this street and its old sideways, the rue St. Médard and Passage des Patriarches; courtyards, people, houses tempt the artist in all directions. A few yards further on is the Marché aux Patriarches, occupying the courtyard of a one-time bishop's residence, and in design unlike any other market building in Paris. In front of it you may sit on the benches under the thick-leaved trees, with the quaint-towered church of St. Médard at your back, and though but a few yards away from the fascinating turmoil in the rue Mouffetard, one might have gone miles to find this opportunity for reflective calm. But Paris is charmingly surprising in its resting-places; for even in the most congested parts one may always find near at hand a little garden square or place of green.

Perhaps a quarter of Paris more frequented by strangers to the city will be that leading off the long rue de Vaugirard. It is at No. 70, at the end nearest the Musée du Luxembourg, that the church of the Carmes Déchaussées stands, in ancient days the chapel of the Carmelite convent; close to this, too, at No. 15 rue Férou, is the one-time house of Fantin-Latour, where Whistler painted his remarkable portrait; and a little further along, at No. 48, the composer Massenet's house, hard by the group of old houses so characteristically etched by Lester G. Hornby (p. 140). Passing the Musée du Luxembourg and its adjoining sad-looking chapel of the ancient monastery of the Dames Benedictines du Calvaire, one soon arrives at the place of the sixteenth-century horse market, now the rue du Tournon, leading straight into the wonderful old rue de Seine, with its alluring print and old book shops. I can hardly recall a day when I have not at some time or other visited that wily old street and its quaint old neighbours, the rue du Four, rue Bonaparte, rue Visconti (of Balzac fame), rue de Buci, and rue St. André-des-Arts. But amongst their many artistic charms, the Cour de Rohan calls loudest. If

you were not told of its charms, I doubt if you would find it. A wonderful old-world corner it is, and no one could know it better than Charles Jouas, for he lives in one of those houses up the wide, well-worn steps on the left, which you see in his delightful etchings of this Cour (pp. 142–43). You may find it, however, by entering the great doorways of the Cour de Commerce from the rue St. André-des-Arts, the rue de l'Ancienne-Comédie, or the Boulevard St. Germain.

Once in the Cour de Commerce old Paris re-echoes: at No. 8, a printing house during the Revolution and a printing house still, from which issued Marat's rousing pamphlet "L'Ami du Peuple"; and at No. 9, Dr. J. I. Guillotin perfected, by experimenting on sheep, the sinister but, as he believed, humane decapitating invention which bears his name to-day. A few feet from these grim reminders one finds the entrance to the Cour de Rohan, which you can leave with more pleasant memories by the rue du Jardinet, and with a last look at the gateways of the Cour take the rue de l'Eperon and the more interesting rue Grands Augustins to the quay of the same name. Here much of interest beckons from the right-hand banks of the river. The Pont Neuf will most likely entice you to cross it, and it may be as well, for it was always the route of the royal. Then you can stop at the old ground of the Place Dauphine and recall the scene of the first exhibition of pictures ever held in Paris. It was there that sheets were stretched across the shop fronts, on which the artists hung their works, under no canopy but that of the blue sky; and amongst the famous exhibitors one may find the names of Boucher, Nattier, Oudry, and Restout, and in the Louvre close by the canvases *La Raie* and *Le Buffet* by Chardin, which made their first public début in that little-altered Place Dauphine in 1728.

But to overtake our illustrations, we must seek the Quai de la Mégisserie, with its rows of little shops of gaily coloured birds, and at No. 8, perchance, meet that charming artist Monsieur Eugène Béjot, leaving his delightful house and studio to further capture the glories of Paris. At the end of the Quai lies the busy and noisy Place du Châtelet; on its right the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville, formerly La Place de Grève, the Quai des Célestins and its irregular adjoining streets now covering the ground on which stood the ancient Hôtel St. Paul (p. 119), with the monastery and church of the Célestins (p. 87). Crossing the industrious end of the rue de Rivoli, on the left is the Fountain of the Innocents, in the rue St. Denis, and close to it the great Pavillons of the Marché des Halles, on the same site as the old Marché des Innocents (p. 120). In revolution days the Fountain of the Innocents formed the centre of its more important market, encircled with hundreds of red umbrellas to protect it from the weather, and to-day it still remains a welcome monument, though reflective of those more gruesome times. A more awesome erection, The Pillory, which stood in front of the Fish

Market of the Halles, is swept away. E. Beaurepaire, in his "La Chronique des rues," describes it as a little eight-sided tower, pierced with tall Gothic windows, having but one storey in the middle, containing an iron wheel, with holes, through which were thrust the hands and heads of criminals condemned to ignominious exposure, and there the poor wretches were fastened for three market days, two hours each day. It was from this tower that the lately demolished rue Pirouette derived its name, the tower being turned every half-hour to allow everybody to enjoy the imprisoned ones' discomfort!

But one has little time now to dream of these days, amidst the bustling movement of the huge market, where, through avenues of meat, vegetables, fish, and flowers, one catches sunlit glimpses of the rue Berger or the church of St. Eustache. In the street beside the church there is something more anciently interesting and intact, despite its centuries of age. It is only an old inn at Nos. 64 and 72 rue Montorgueil, but none such other remains in Paris. Once inside the stable-yard with its gallery you would not be out of place in the garb of the sixteenth century. The old clock on the right, ticking out the hours, maybe will suggest it is time for the heavy diligence to trundle through the gateway and edge its way past those sliced walls: that it passed for ever years ago one can hardly think under the shelter of this old yard. The clock turns back, days of cavaliers and chivalry occur again, with their memories haunting you; time and space will slip lightly past, until new dreams usurp the old in the rue St. Honoré, the Cloître Saint-Honoré, and the rue des Bon-Enfants. One must make haste though, for the hoardings are up, the builders are hard at work, and I doubt if they will leave much, or if they do it will be most probably hidden by some not even modern atrocity.

Passing a few streets and continuing along the rue St. Honoré, one comes to the not very attractive Marché St. Honoré (p. 138) and the rue des Capucines running into the larger Boulevard of the same name on the right, and that of the Madeleine on the left, with its enticing flower market, like a wealthy June garden, surrounding the church. Facing the church, the rue Royale, with its gay cafés and pulsating motor buses and cars, terminates at the Place de la Concorde, not far from the point of view taken by Mr. Frank M. Armington for his characteristic drawing of the rue de Rivoli (p. 145). Here you may idle along under its canopy and long row of circular and supporting archways. Despite its age, the nature of this quarter savours of strangers, expensive hotels, sumptuous living and life of little artistic value. However, it is interesting to wander to that far-distant end, past the Hôtel de Ville. At the side of the Caserne Napoléon old Paris lives again in and around the Place Baudoyer. From there one can see the old towers of St. Gervais, and my inclination is always to run round and have a look at

it from opposite an odd little café in the rue de Brosse, nestling amidst a tiny patch of trees adjoining the church. I always remember thinking how uniquely out of place it seemed, and wondering how ecclesiastical minds would deem it, so close to the church door, this little café with the grey-blue and violet trousered workmen dining leisurely in the saintly shades.

But now my way lies by the more tragic rue des Barres (p. 141) and its memories of the wounded and blood-bathed Robespierre. Weird and unholy its intersecting districts and streets are, yet artistically wonderful and fascinating. There runs the rue Grenier-sur-l'Eau, now widened a little near the rue Geoffroy-l'Asnier, but still preserving its threatening aspect, its murderous dread of the executioner, and its sunlit glimpse of St. Gervais' Tower. But the ghastly gibbets on the Place de Grève have long ago been cleared away, and its old name almost forgotten in that of the new, La Place de l'Hôtel de Ville. Crumbled, too, and gone are the old Hôtel St. Paul, the monastery and Célestins Church, whose little windows must have overlooked the silent river by the Ile St. Louis. But here is the rue de l'Hôtel de Ville, with the overlapping towers of the Hôtel de Sens at the far end. It is from this old-world street that George T. Plowman has caught the sunlight on the grey walls and D. Y. Cameron the gargoyled face and entrance door (pp. 147-148). I remember finding it first when wandering round the narrow little byway, rue Jouy, and early recollections of Henry Irving in "The Lyons Mail" took realistic shapes: through that arched doorway I saw the coach, and gazed with a Lesurques interest on the yard it left.

From the Hôtel de Sens with these memories it is truly, for the artist, an interesting walk to the rue Charlemagne, the Passage Charlemagne, the rue de Sévigné, rue des Francs-Bourgeois to the Place des Vosges. Regretfully one will miss, in the Passage Charlemagne, the old fourteenth-century Hôtel du Prévot, which, alas, is now rebuilt. But in the Place des Vosges, so little altered, you still may see amongst the playing children the gauzy figures of some cardinals and knights of bygone days; or as you cross the garden at an angle, see Victor Hugo passing under a rather gloomy archway to No. 6. Along the rue des Francs-Bourgeois, the rue Vieille-du-Temple and the rue Barbette loudly call, but it's a long way on foot to Montmartre and its hilly streets, and market girls on the Avenue de Clichy call loudly too.

Once at the Place de Clichy which way to go is questionable. Montmartre is such a little world of interest, and its artists' fame spreads over it and the great city below. The rue Caulaincourt takes you past what is, despite the fame of Père Lachaise, the most interesting of cemeteries, the Cimitière Montmartre or Northern Cemetery, though one may think that a rather morbid kind of attraction. The road bridges over

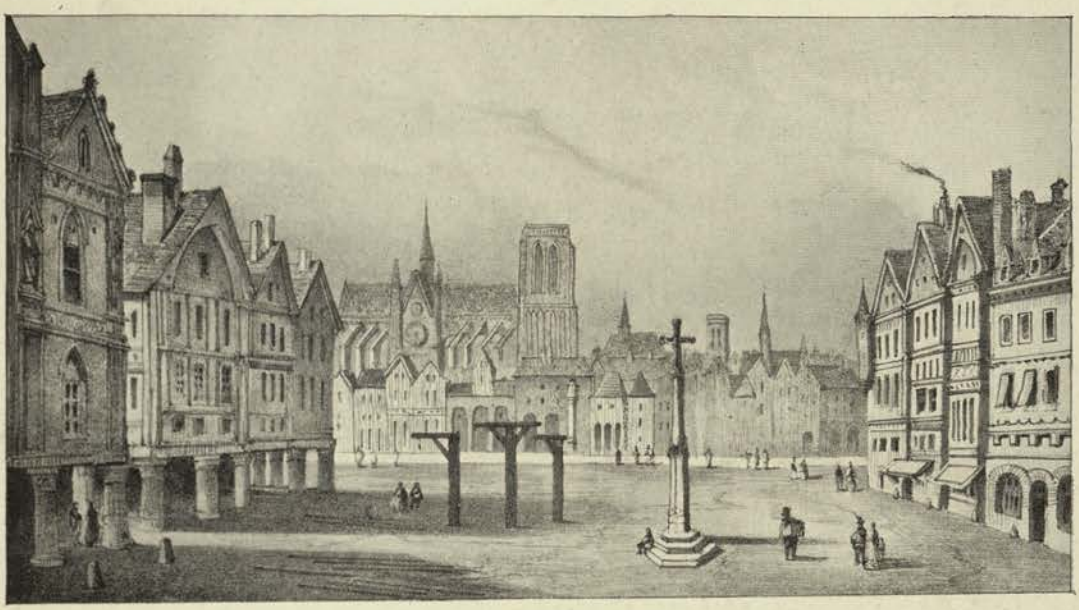
the southern end, and as I write I recall telling Steinlen, in his studio at No. 18, how I felt, when first crossing that garden of graves, a latent desire to linger; and he replied, with a delightfully sympathetic sincerity, that "it was the dead trying to haul me down." Nevertheless, I have braved it many times on my way to the Sacré Cœur and the Moulin de la Galette, by way of the attractive rue de l'Abreuvoir. Each visit brings the desire to have power to stay the hand of the builder, for no words here could fully describe the architectural ugliness growing like rank weeds in a wonderful old-world garden.

But despite it all Montmartre will for ever be a place apart, known to the sight-seer tourist by its many cabarets of insipid amusement. They are, however, perhaps worth visiting once, for the sake of their traditional history, and now and again you may come across one that has lost nothing of its past, though in the midst of its companions' more popular catering. It is only quite recently that the little thatched house, accredited to the use of Henri IV during his hunting days, disappeared. Like it, too, the many fountains and springs have vanished, and with them their little grottos which the fairies were supposed to haunt; of them all, perhaps, that of St. Denis was most sought, for its healing powers. It was in it, the story tells, the saint washed his severed head, carrying it thither in his hands after his execution; and report still proclaims that after twilight, around the sainted spring, the voices of angels were nightly heard, while in the "Golden Legend" one may read: "And anone the body of Saynte Denys reysed hymselfe up and bare his hede beetwene his armes, as the angels ladde hym two leghes fro the place which is sayd the hille of the martyrs, unto the place where he now resteth by his election and the purveance of God. And there was heard so grete and swete a melodye of angels that many that herd it byleuyd in Oure Lorde."

Once, too, stood a hill famous for its vines, renowned for its lime-kilns, beloved by artists for its thirty odd windmills, and by the people for its rich granaries. It was from those wealthy grain stores that Louis XVI's Government deceived the hungry, when the famine threatened the land, by having the grain taken secretly from the mills to Havre and brought back again by boat, pretending it had newly arrived from America; the starving populace had to pay practically its weight in gold for the corn of their own soil. Around these picturesque mills bloody battles were fought, and to-day still stands the now famous "But-à-Fin," Moulin de la Galette, which, with its miller, played no small share in the defence of the heights. How long it will remain one must ask the greedy builder who robs the hill of its memories, for it may soon share the fate of its ancient Ferme de Bray. Close to it one may see in Eugène Delâtre's delightful etching (p. 158) the beginning of architectural ugliness, and the changing view as seen from the hill of V. Trowbridge's "Kite-flyers"

(p. 157) is rapidly being hidden by gaunt structures. Soon, I fear, little will remain of Montmartre's romantic and poetical past; but one may only hope that the Place du Tertre and its fascinating surroundings will not be transformed into a modern geometrical garden.

From here you may descend the hill by way of the rue St. Rustique and the rue des Saules and pass the old Cabaret des Assassins, known to-day as the "Lapin Agile," after its humorous artist frequenter, André Gill. From this land apart it is not far, by the Boulevard de Rochechouart, to the rue de la Chapelle, where, after passing some five or six streets, one will find the rue des Roses, intersected by the quaint and narrow rue de la Madonne, in the midst of another fast disappearing world. Rue des Roses and rue de la Madonne! Paris is full of such captivating names. It was with these names resounding in my ears that I set out from their heights, following the roadway taken by St. Denis himself, the Faubourg St. Denis and the rue St. Denis to the Place de Châtelet, there crossing the Seine by the rue de la Cité to the Parois of Notre-Dame, and from its balcony towers that keep watch over the little careless streets I looked out away in the distance to the Seine, winding in its serpentine course to beyond the fortifications and the Quai de Passy, where, at No. 8, in a house now no more, Jean Jacques Rousseau wrote his famous "Le Devin de Village."



LA PLACE DE GRÈVE (IN THE XVTH CENTURY)
LITHOGRAPH AFTER PERNOT
*(From "Le Vieux Paris." Pub. 1838-9)*

L'HÔTEL ST. PAUL (IN THE XIVTH CENTURY)
LITHOGRAPH AFTER PERNOT
*(From "Le Vieux Paris." Pub. 1838-9)*

LE MARCHÉ DES INNOCENTS. ETCHING BY LÉOP. FLAMENG

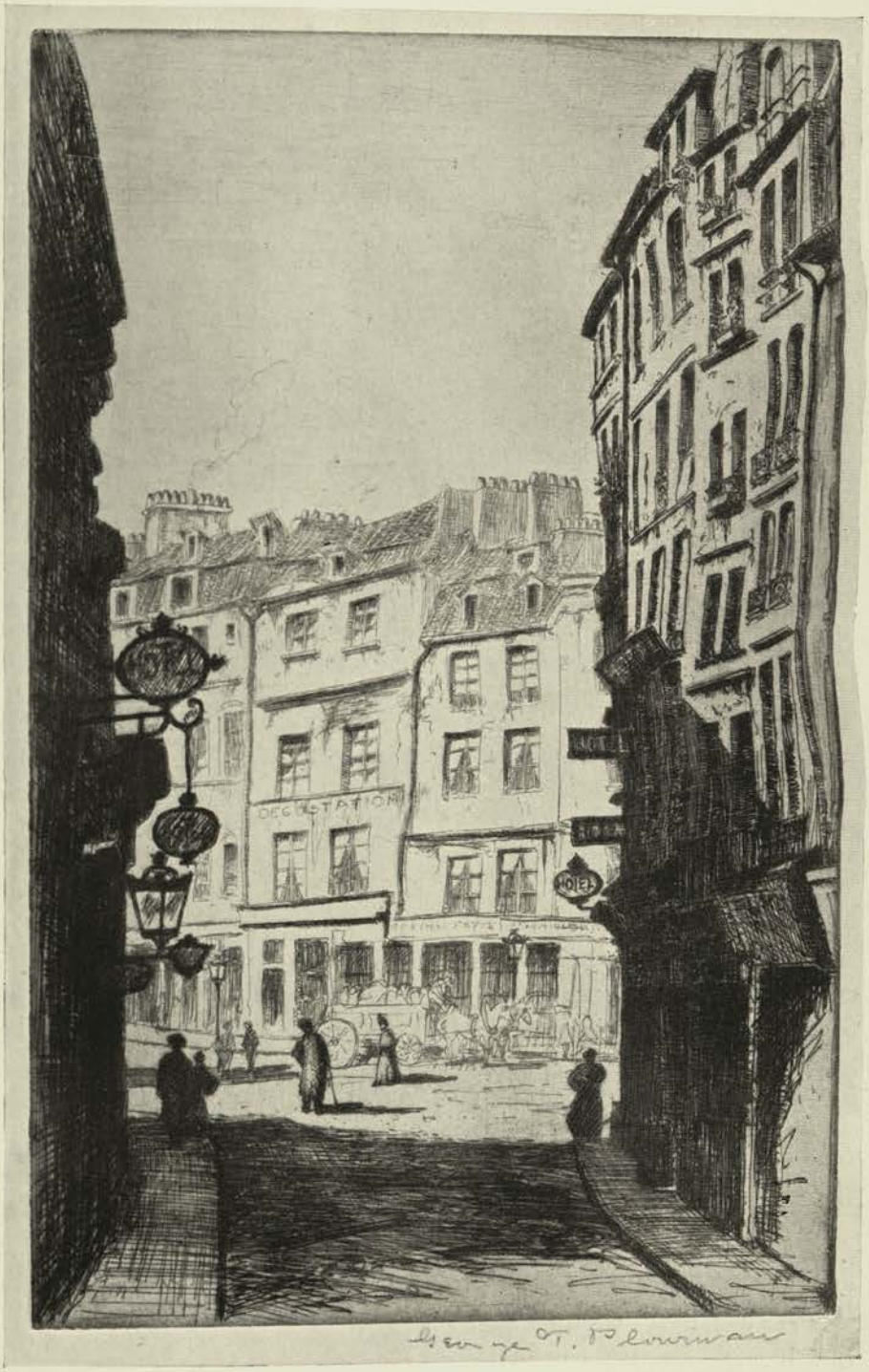
LE MARCHÉ DES CAPUCINS. ETCHING BY LÉOP. FLAMENG

*(By permission of M. Ed. Sagot)*

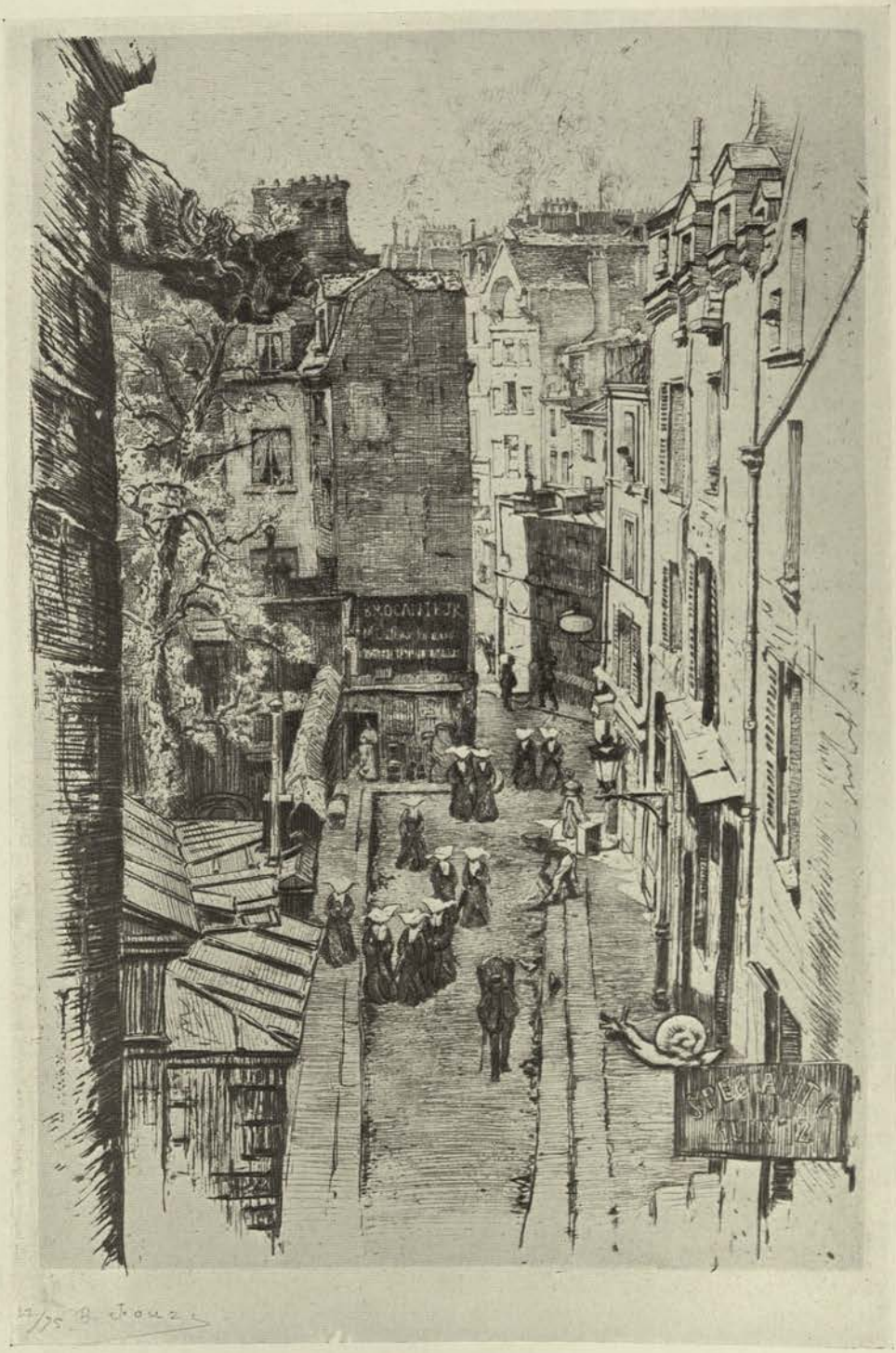
RUE MASSILLON. ETCHING BY CH. HEYMAN

RUE DU CHAT QUI PÊCHE. ETCHING
BY RAYMOND RAY-JONES, A.R.E.

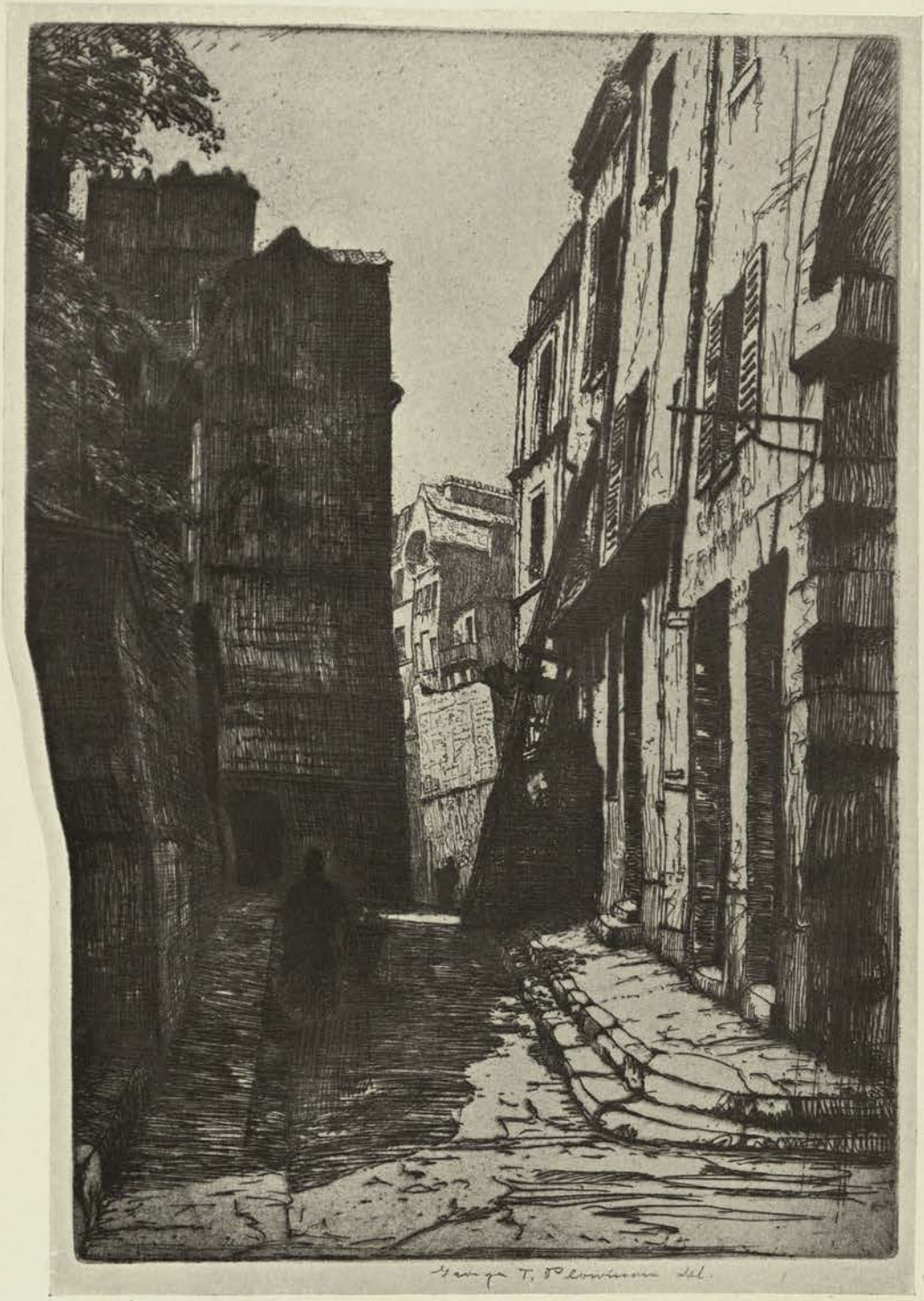
THE FLOWER MARKET. DRAWING BY FRANK M. ARMINGTON




RUE DE LA HARPE. ETCHING BY GEORGE T. PLOWMAN



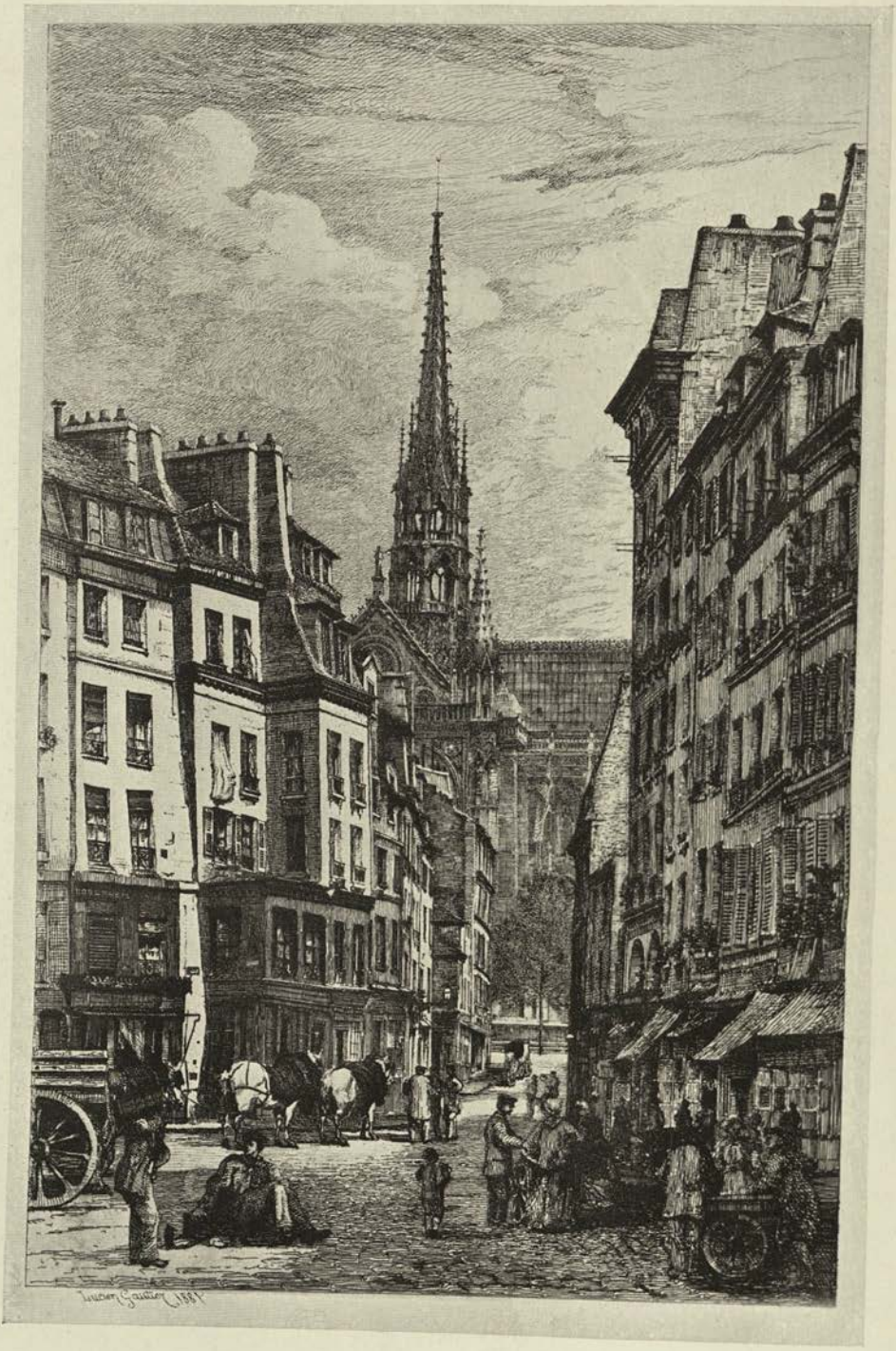
RUE DES PRÊTRES-ST. SÉVERIN. ETCHING BY CH. JOUAS



RUE DES PRÊTRES-ST. SÉVERIN. ETCHING BY GEORGE T. PLOWMAN

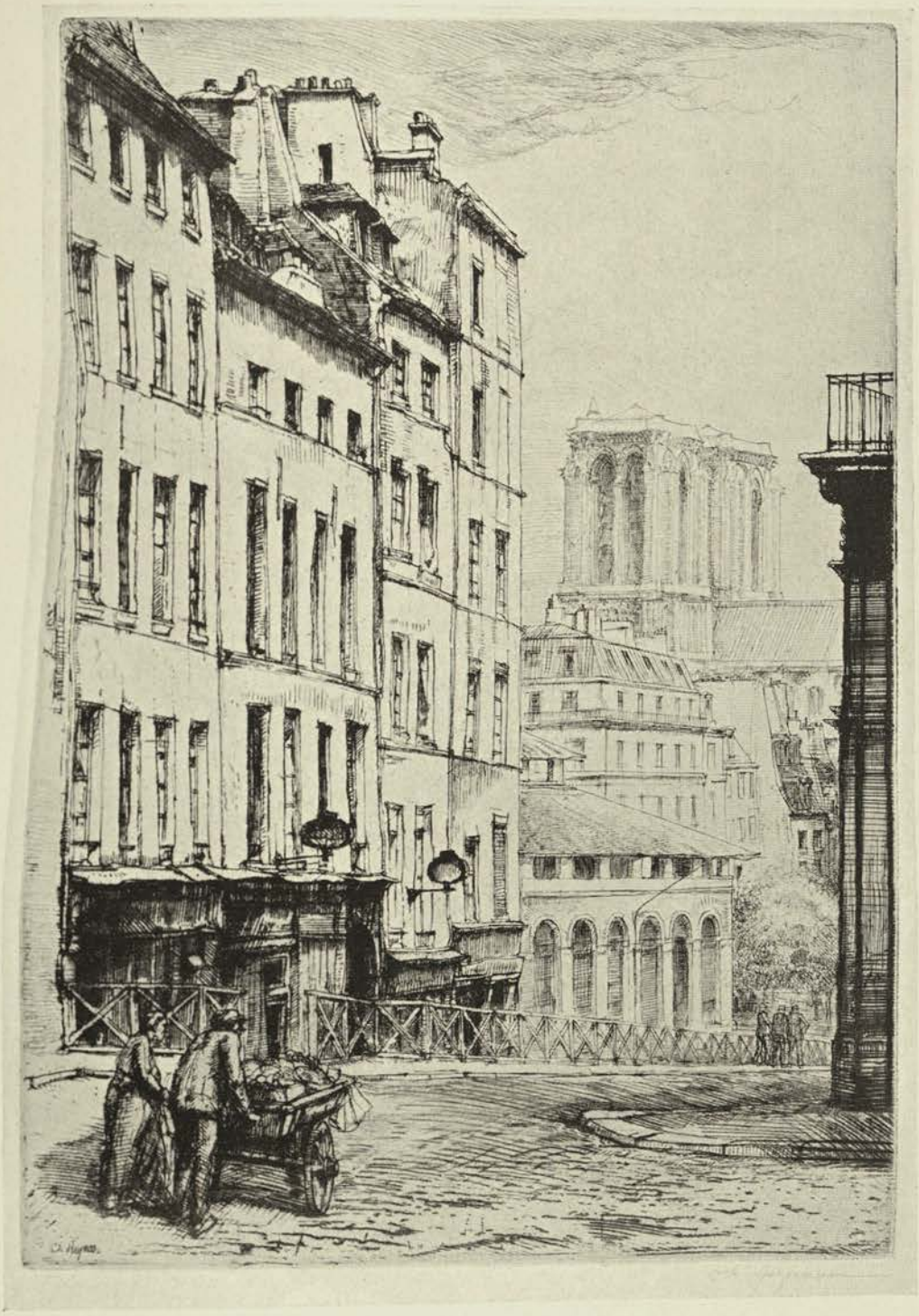
RUE GALANDE. ETCHING BY LUCIEN GAUTIER *(Edition Prouté)*

RUE GALANDE. ETCHING BY CH. JOUAS



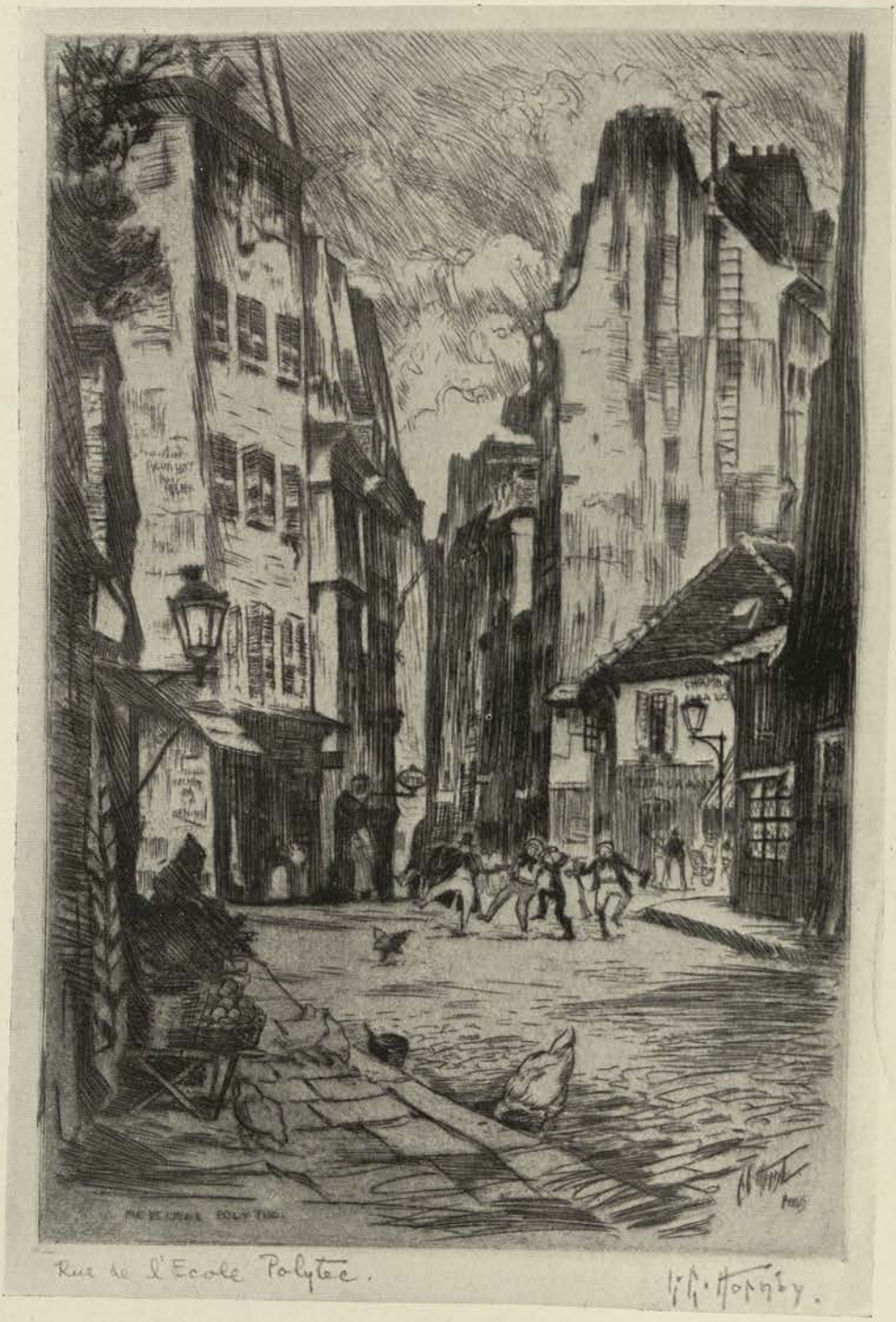
PLACE MAUBERT. ETCHING
BY LUCIEN GAUTIER

*(Edition Prouté)*



RUE DE LA MONTAGNE-STE. GENEVIÈVE
ETCHING BY CH. HEYMAN

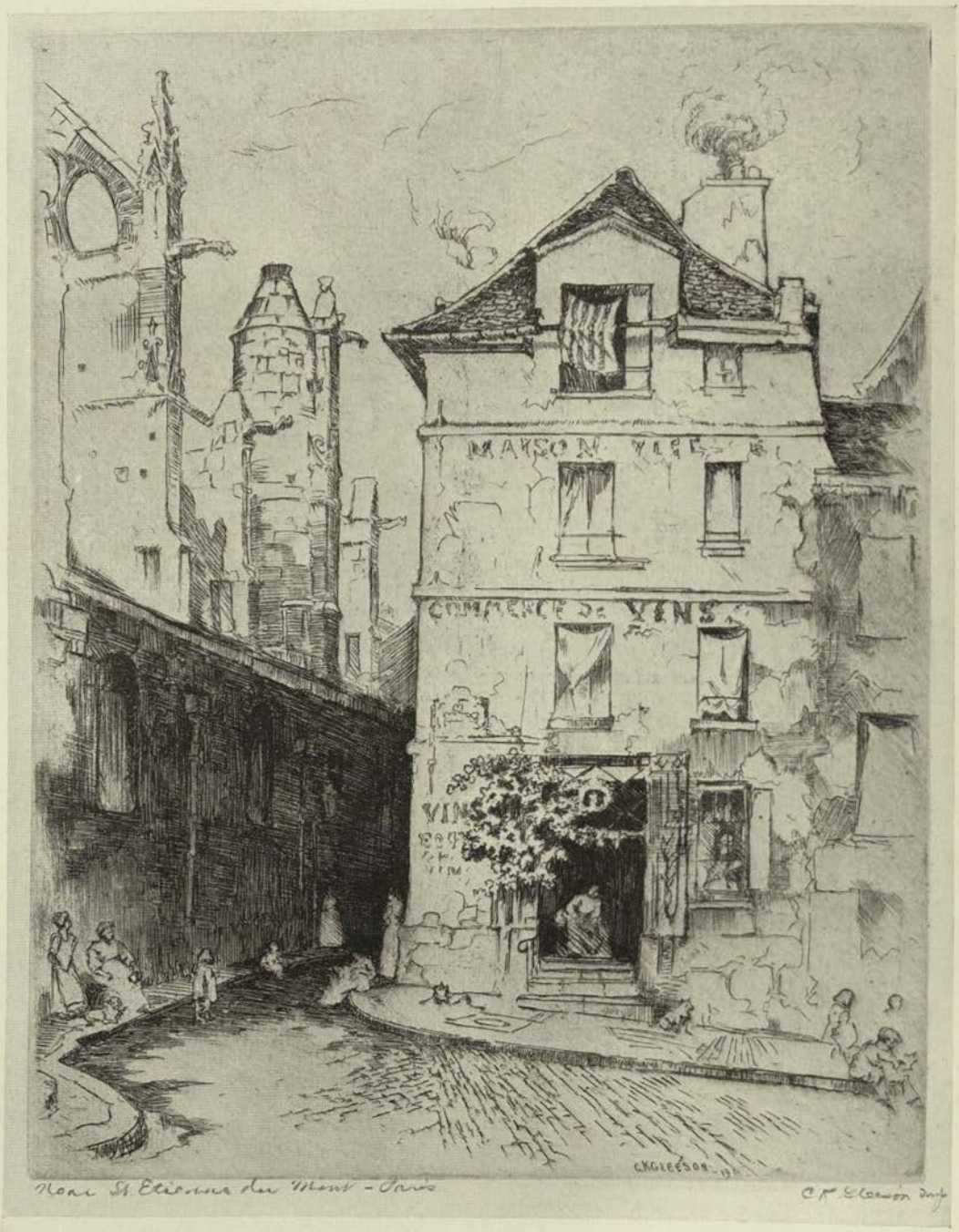
*(By permission of M. Ed. Sagot)*




RUE DE L'ÉCOLE-POLYTECHNIQUE
ETCHING BY LESTER G. HORNBY

TOURELLE, RUE DE LA TIXERANDERIE
ETCHING BY CH. MERYON

IMPASSE DU BŒUF. ETCHING BY OTTO J. SCHNEIDER




NEAR ST. ETIENNE-DU-MONT
ETCHING BY C. K. GLEESON

COUR DES HALLES, RUE ST. JACQUES
ETCHING BY B. J. NORDFELDT

LE MARCHÉ ST. HONORE- ETCHING BY A. P. MARTIAL
*(Edition Prouté)*

LA FOULE, RUE MOUFFETARD. ETCHING BY CH. HEYMAN
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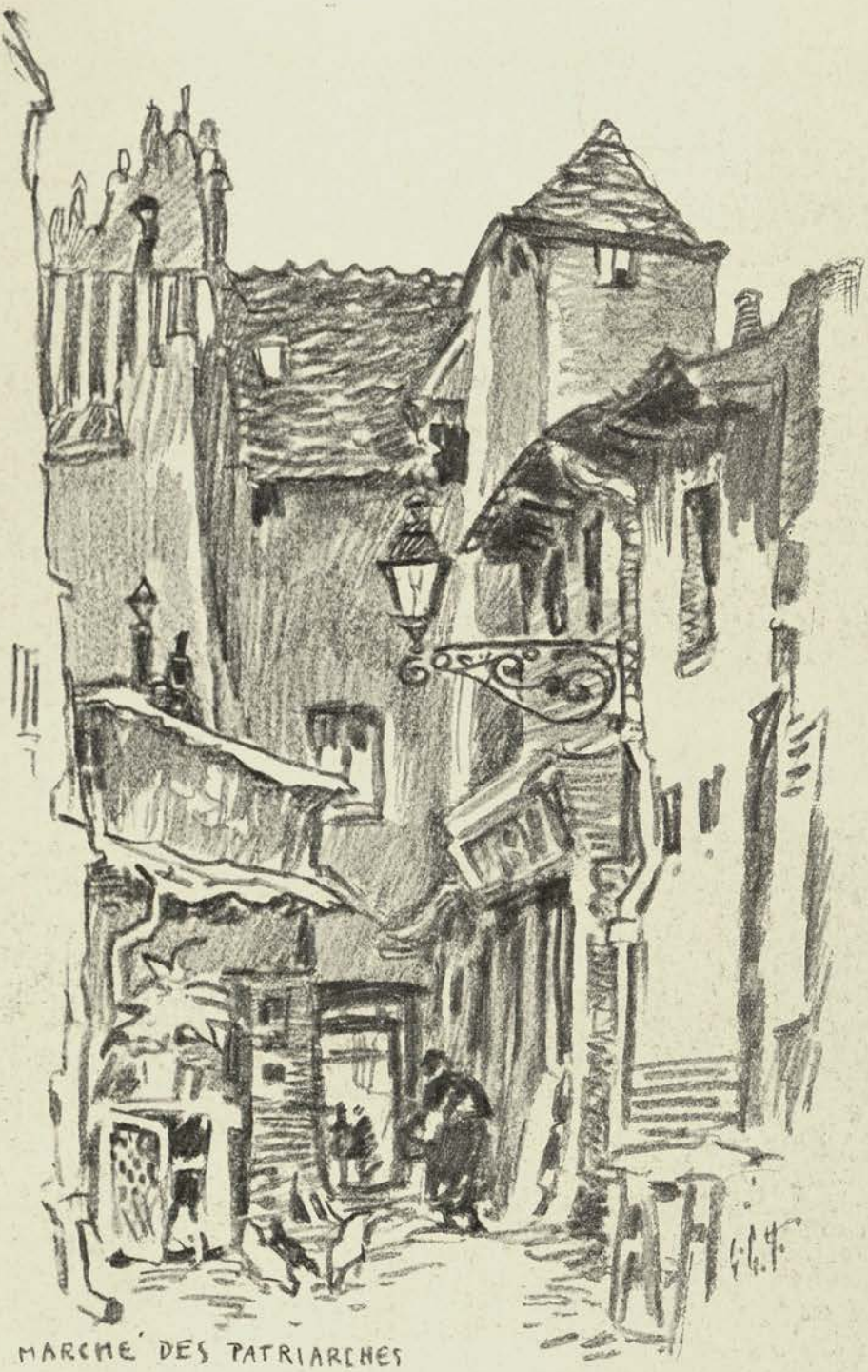
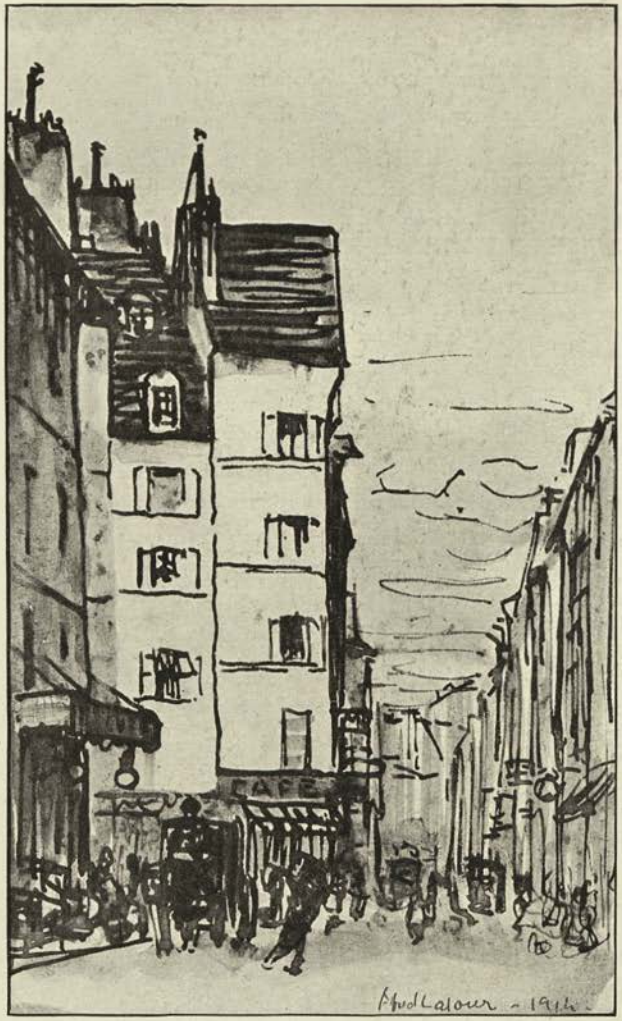
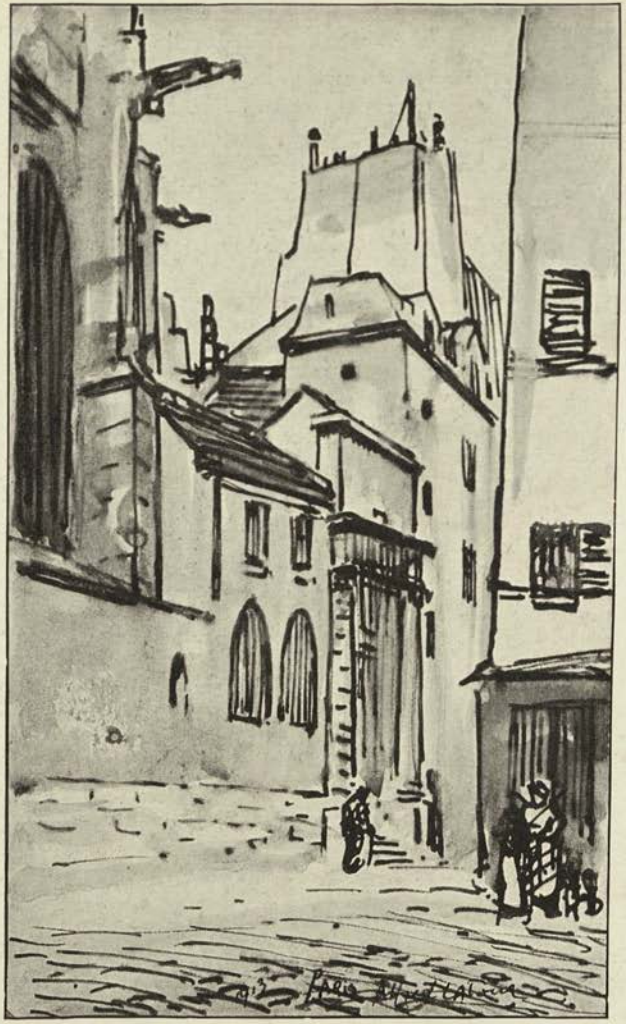



PASSAGE DES PATRIARCHES. LITHOGRAPH BY LESTER G. HORNBY

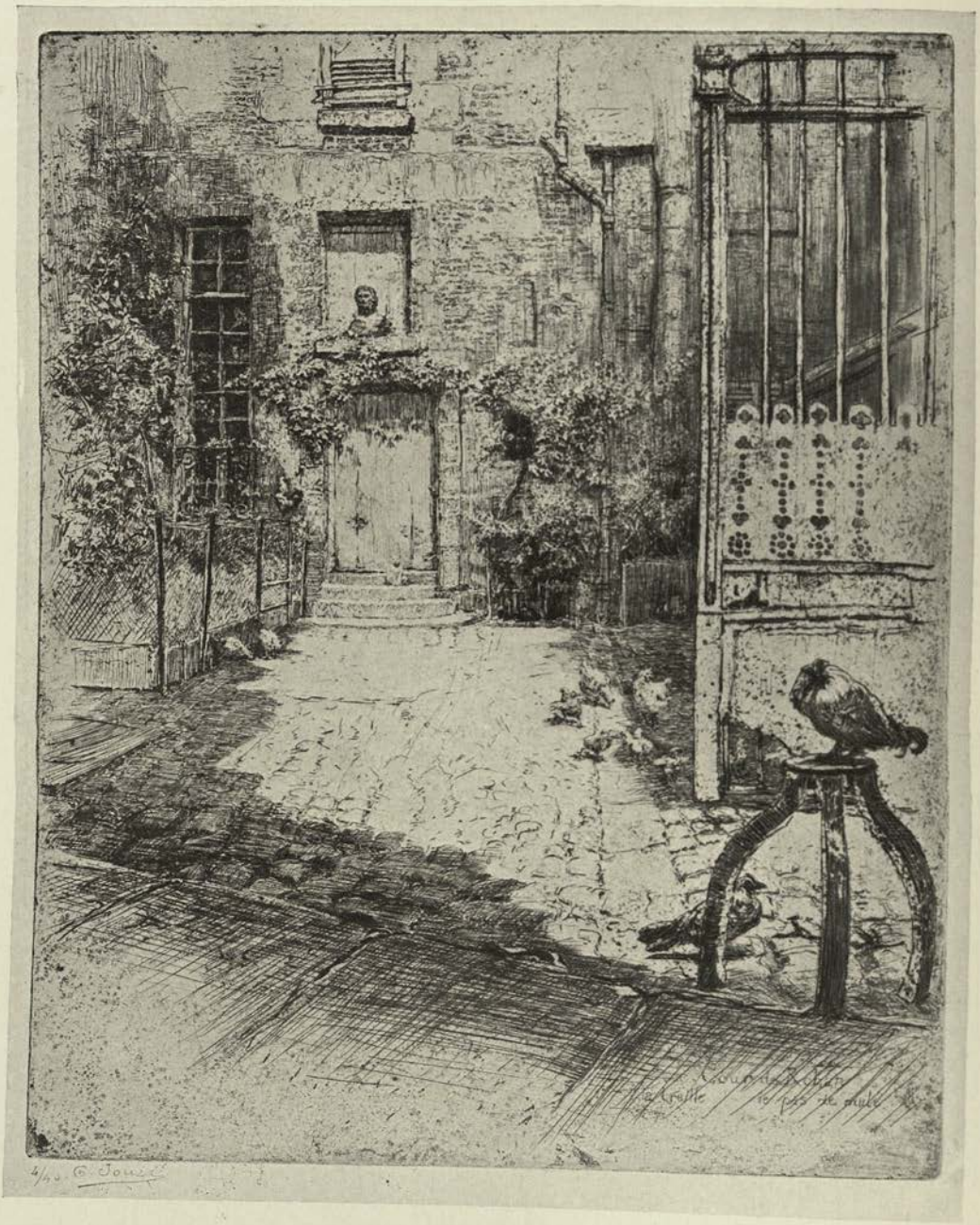
VIEILLES MAISONS, RUE DE VAUGIRARD
ETCHING BY LESTER G. HORNBY




RUE DE SEINE. DRAWING BY ALFRED LATOUR



RUE DES BARRES. DRAWING BY ALFRED LATOUR



COUR DE ROHAN. ETCHING BY CH. JOUAS

COUR DE ROHAN. ETCHING BY CH. JOUAS

AU COR D'OR, RUE DU FOUR. ETCHING
BY RAYMOND RAY-JONES, A.R.E.

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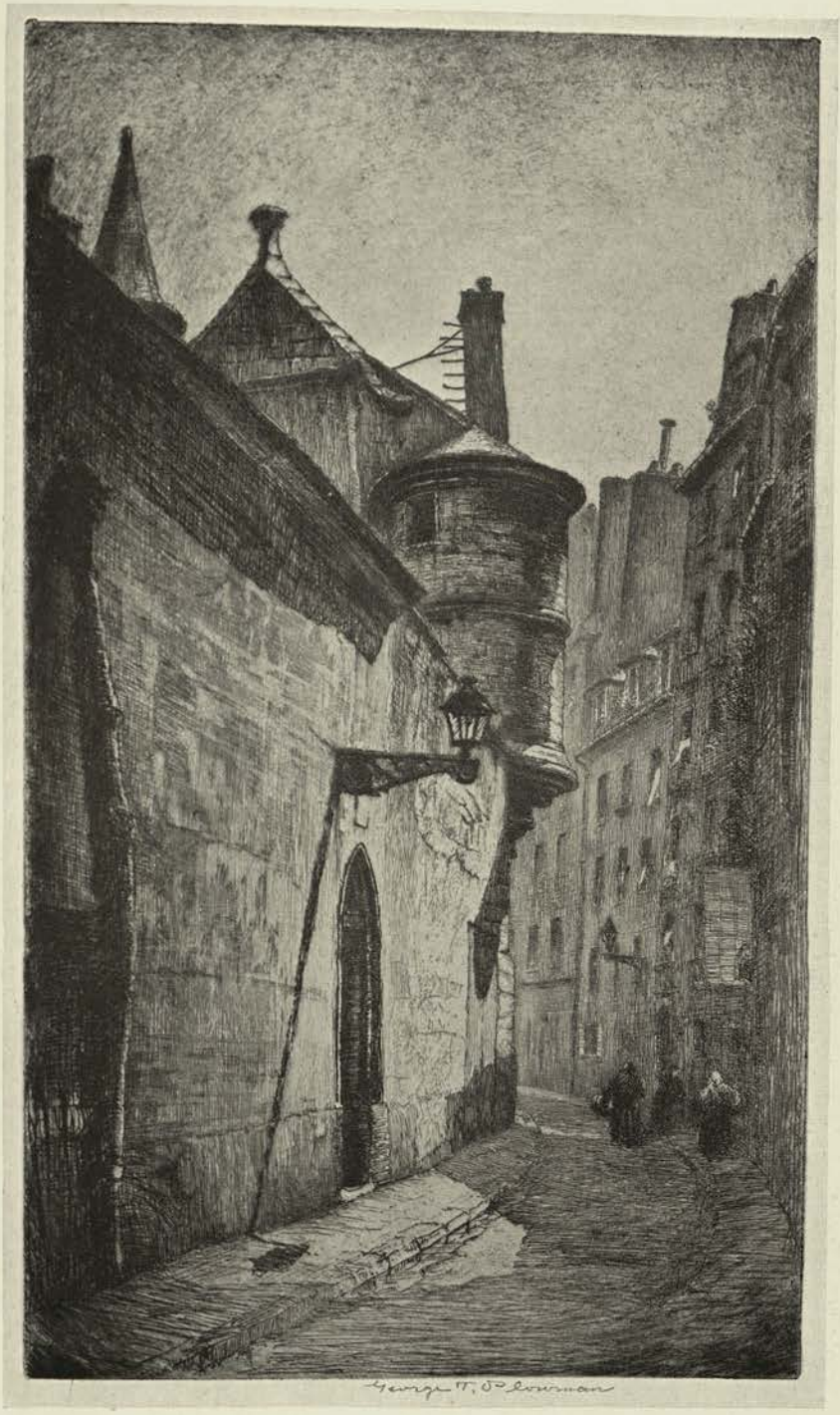
RUE DE RIVOLI. DRAWING BY FRANK M. ARMINGTON

PLACE BAUDOYER. ETCHING BY FRANK M. ARMINGTON



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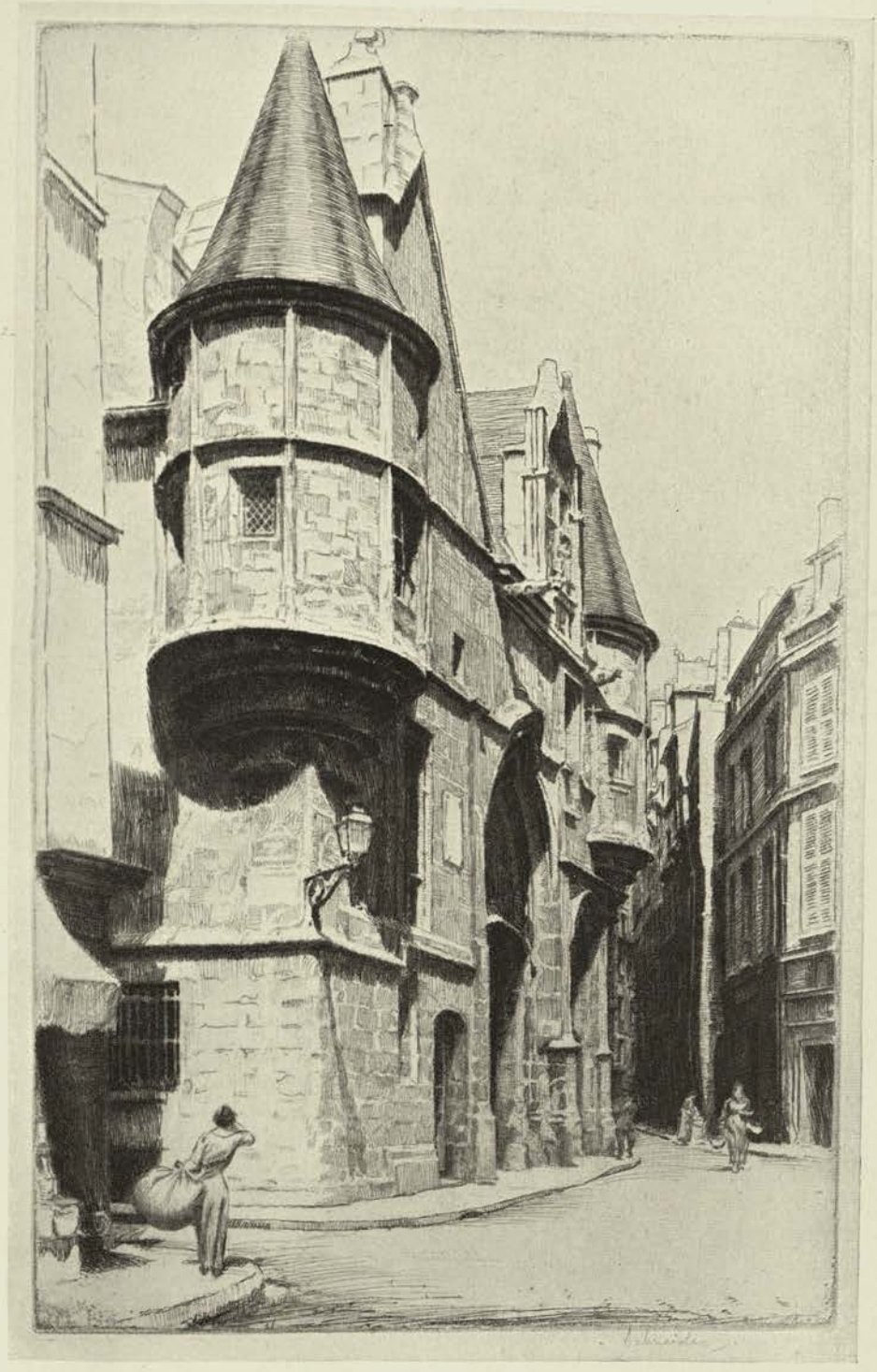

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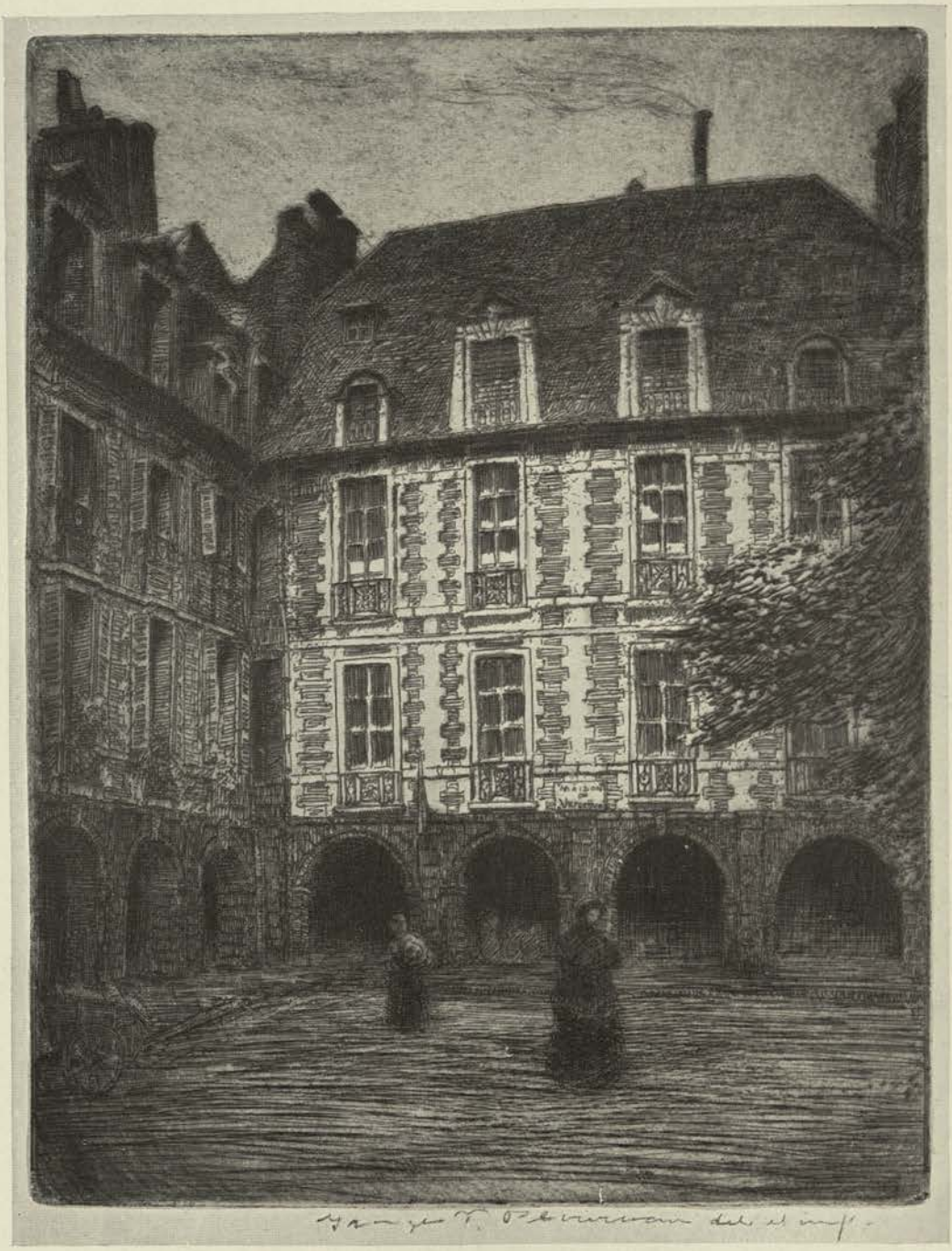

MAISON VICTOR HUGO, PLACE DES VOSGES
ETCHING BY GEORGE T. PLOWMAN

PARIS VU DE MONTMARTRE. DRAWING BY EUG. BÉJOT, R.E.

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AVENUE DE CLICHY—MARCHÉ EN PLEIN AIR. ETCHING BY EDGAR CHAHINE

RUE ST. RUSTIQUE, MONTMARTRE.
ETCHING BY EMILE ROUSSEAU

RUE DE L'ABREUVOIR, MONTMARTRE. ETCHING BY EMILE ROUSSEAU

PLACE DU TERTRE, MONTMARTRE. DRAWING
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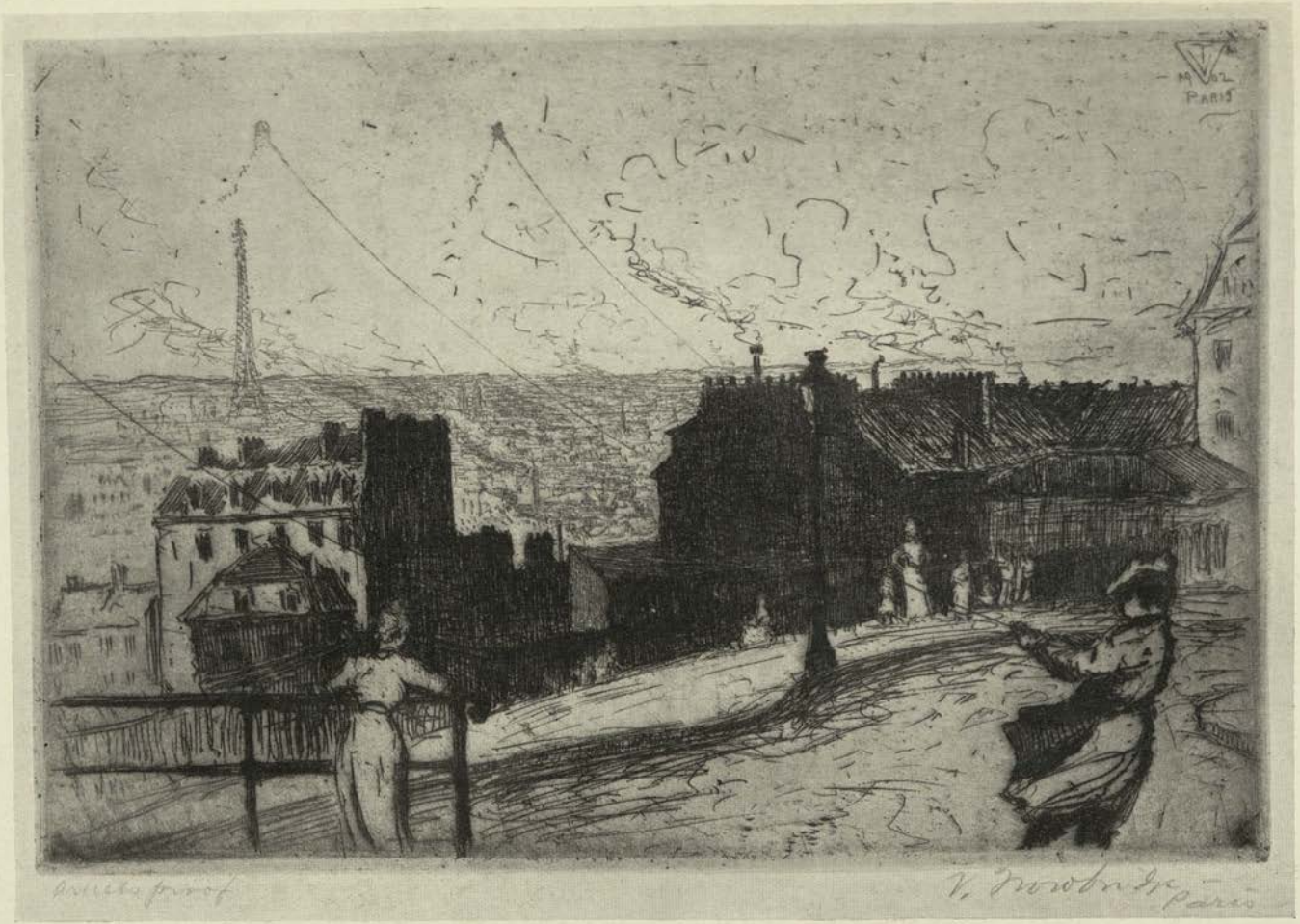
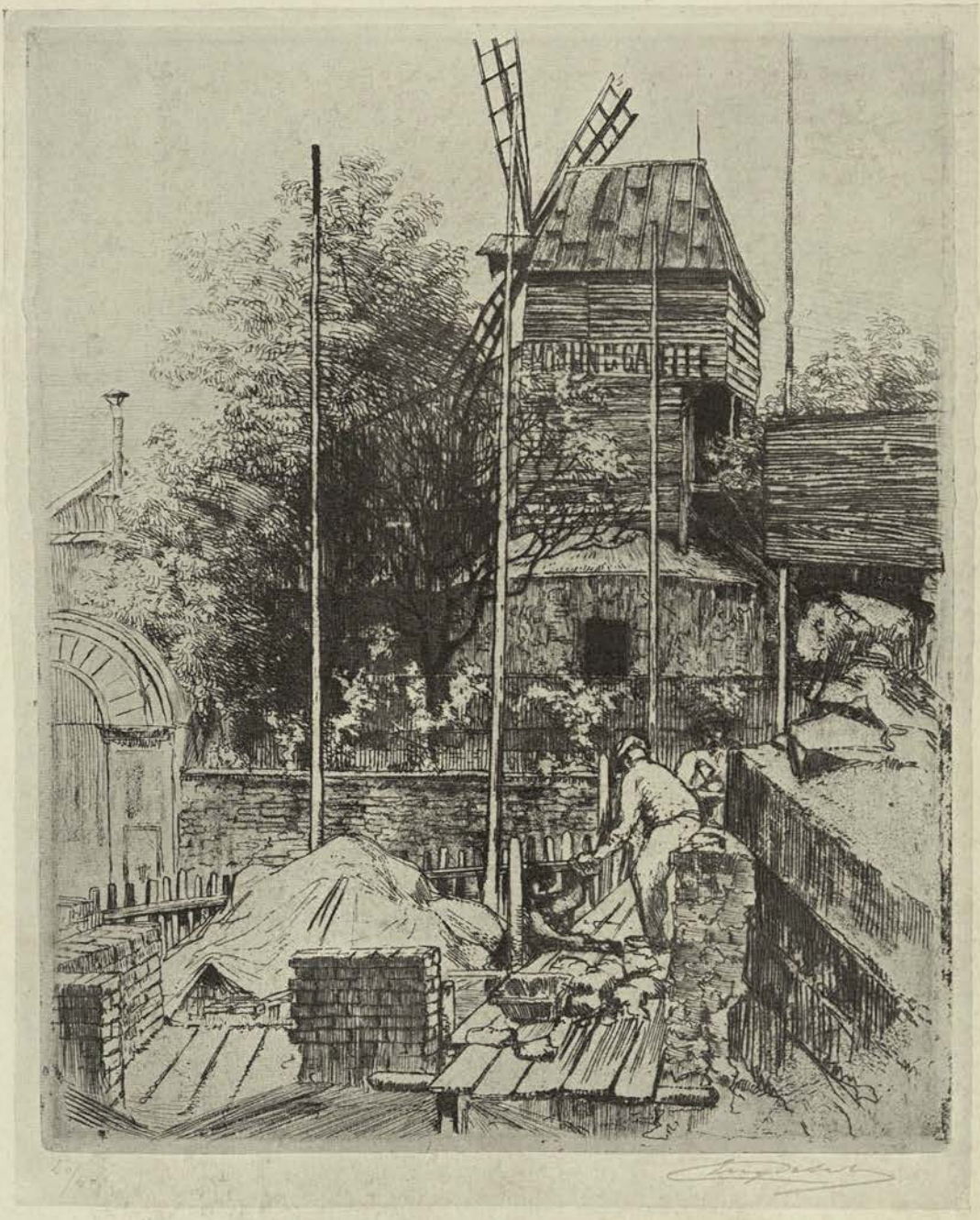



"KITE-FLYERS," MONTMARTRE. ETCHING BY V. TROWBRIDGE



LE MOULIN DE LA GALETTE, MONTMARTRE
ETCHING BY EUG. DELÂTRE

J. J. ROUSSEAU'S HOUSE, MONTMARTRE. ETCHING BY R. P. GROUILLER

RUE DE LA MADONNE. DRAWING
BY JESSIE M. KING

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ST. OUEN VUE DES FORTIFICATIONS. ETCHING BY EDGAR CHAHINE

# PUBLIC BUILDINGS, MONUMENTS & GARDENS

THE gardens, monuments, and public buildings of Paris are almost innumerable. Hardly a street or corner exists but has, close by, some treasured house or square of green, bedecked with flowers and sculptors' masterpieces. Of all her garden glories that do not quite eliminate the past the stately Tuileries recalls most vividly its bygone Royal and tragic memories. It was in its proud palace, so long ago yet so reminiscent of to-day, that the whole republic was proclaimed a besieged city ; " Let France be a vast camp," was the cry ; " Every age is called to defend the liberty of the land. The young men will fight ; the married will forge arms ; women will make clothes and tents ; children will tear old linen for lint. Old men shall be carried to the market place to inflame the courage of all." The Palace is gone to-day ; nothing of it remains but the outstretched, empty arms of the Louvre which enfolded it. But the garden retains much the same general arrangement as set out by Le Nôtre during the reign of Louis XIV. But no longer in its secluded corners do scented secrets pass from cavalier to maid, unless, like Galatea, the breath of life revives in its fair statuaries, and they, with the little children, play again at bygone days, while their nursemaids of varied proportions dream and doze. Of all the statues that adorn its light sanded paths, *The Mask*, by Christophe, has always fascinated me ; not by its masterly modelling does it call when chance should take me by the garden gates, but just to see and ponder on that grim mask that hides behind its shade a fainting face and wearied body. Behind it spreads the spacious Palace of the Louvre, in ancient days the residence of kings, where still to-day they look from their gold frames on painted scenes of their past lives and gathered masterpieces of all the world.

But passing on down the garden to the Place de la Concorde, any thoughts one may carry soon give way to more mundane ideas of self-preservation. One feels, attempting to cross the place, like the lead ball in a modern puzzle game, as its continuous stream of motor-cars and omnibuses by no means try to avoid you. The conclusion is that the Place de la Concorde is best viewed from the gates or the terrace of the Gardens, in front of the Jeu de Paume. There, in the centre of the Place, near the obelisk, the guillotine stood, and numbered amongst its two thousand victims' heads those of Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, and Charlotte Corday. It was surrounded in Louis' reign by deep ditches, which accounted for the death of some three hundred souls at the time of a firework display given in honour of the King's marriage. But despite the bloody deeds enacted there, the Place de la Concorde remains to-day one of the most beautiful squares in the world, where eight impressive statues, representing the chief towns of France—Lyons, Marseilles,

Bordeaux, Nantes, Rouen, Brest, Lille, and Strasbourg (mourned no longer)—look down on the splashing fountains in their midst.

From the Place de la Concorde or the Jardin des Tuileries, by way of the rue de Rivoli and the rue Castiglione, it is not far to the historical Place Vendôme. Where its dominating column stands, at one time stood a bronze statue of Louis XIV, and the place was known then as the Place Louis-le-Grand, a favourite ground for mountebanks and merry-makers. But with the revolutionary rabble's hate of kings, the proud effigy was not long in being surrounded with ropes, while anxious voices rang out their willingness to take a goodly share, a notable figure amongst them being Rose Violet, the hawker of Marat's pamphlet, "L'Ami du Peuple"; shouting more loudly than the rest, she got a ready end to pull; but as the huge statue fell, the fiery Rose's body shared too in its mangled mass. In turn, the column constructed by order of Napoleon, with, at the top, a statue of himself, cast from the bronze of more than twelve hundred captured cannons, shared a similar fate at the hands of the communists; the instigator at that time being the celebrated artist Courbet, whose chief reason was that any trophy of victory was opposed to the spirit of friendship between nations.

But the Place Vendôme has other fairer, though still sad memories. As one passes through the wood-set place, Chopin's Funeral March may haunt the air, for it was at No. 12 that the charmed musician died. There it was, F. Liszt tells us, the Comtesse Delphine Potocka stood by the bed of the dying artist, who asked her for the last time to sing, and who, with tears streaming from her eyes and all her soul in her voice, sang the air of Stradella and a psalm from Marcello, and so cradled the dying to his last earthly sleep.

From the Place Vendôme one may wander leisurely, losing its memories in rich window displays of costly jewellery in the rue de la Paix, to the Boulevard des Capucines, and the buzzing Place de l'Opéra. There, in front, stands the Opera House, one of, if not the largest theatre in the world; nearly five hundred houses were demolished to provide its site. Facing it at the far end of the avenue, Richelieu's sleeping palace looks mournfully down the broad, brilliant avenue; known to all France as the Palais-Royal it is to-day a melancholy building. Around its historic walls throngs the great commercial life of Paris, heedless of its gay and lurid dreams, of scandalous feasts and Royal revelry. Its garden, once the rendezvous of fashionable Parisian life, remains a quiet centre in its deserted heart; there children and fountains play, and Rodin's *Victor Hugo* rests; while from its surrounding arcades, locataires look anxiously from their deserted shops. But not far away the rue de Richelieu or the rue Vivienne will take you to the Bourse, and if you would lose your faith in living humanity you may enter and see the loathsome deformity the thirst for gold produces on the faces of men.

There is another bourse, however, the Bourse de Commerce, beside which stands a fluted column of loftier ideals ; for in it winds the hidden staircase by which Queen Catharine and her mystic would climb to consult the stars. From here, too, you may climb the rue Montmartre by way of the rue du Jour, interesting all the way, but still more impressive about five streets up, for there, at the boat-shaped end of the rue de Cléry, stands the triumphal arch the Porte Saint Denis, divided by the Boulevard de Sébastopol from its neighbouring Porte Saint Martin, like huge sentinels of Power and Victory dominating the Grand Boulevards leading to the whirlingly busy Place de la République, in which looms up the laurel-crowned figure by the young sculptor Morice. In waving distance of the colossal statue, the column of July stands on the site of more torturous and bloody associations ; there, where its topmost figure of Liberty enlightens the world and carries the broken chain of slavery, the Bastille towers, that shut the light of day from many an innocent's eyes, were wont to rule in gloomy majesty. There, too, stood the model of Napoleon's contemplated fountain, in the shape of a huge elephant : varied are the memories associated with that monstrosity, the most interesting perhaps being in Victor Hugo's " Les Misérables," in which he describes how the little Gavroche took advantage of the work of the Great Napoleon and made his home inside the elephant. Temporarily built of clay, it soon crumbled away, but not before it became a deplorable sight and hot-bed of rats ; and as Monsieur Georges Cain mentions in his " Promenades dans Paris," men and dogs had to be organized to clear it and its neighbourhood of the pests.

Grim and gruesome as the Place de la Bastille memories are, one can easily leave them behind by taking the rue St. Antoine and enter the old world Place des Vosges by the rue de Birague. Once you are in the midst of its symmetrically designed houses, Old Paris, with little alteration, lives again ; there the voice and bustle of the vegetable barrow hawkers on the rue St. Antoine are dimmed by its secluded silence : Charles V can come back and rest in its gardens, and from one of its shaded seats you may recall the tourney given by Henri II, at which he proclaimed he would break a lance in honour of chivalry, only later to fall from his horse, pierced through the brain, amidst the shrieks of his gaily dressed lover, Diane de Poitiers. Or perhaps less ancient memories will awaken, and you need only look back as far as January 1858 on the snow-clad paths in front of No. 9, where the clustering crowd of poets and actors obscure your view from the almost forgotten tragédienne Mademoiselle Rachel's coffin. Sad visions, you may say, are those ; nevertheless the Place des Vosges conjures up sad visions, and Victor Hugo saw not a few from his little room at No. 6. But away nearer the banks of the river less dreamy places and gardens call, where

Paris walks in gayer frocks midst streaming life and lounge-enticing cafés. Yet somehow you may not pass by the Conciergerie and the ponderous gates of the Palais du Justice without peopling again the Cour du Mai. It was in it Samson and his tumbrils waited for the guilty and the guiltless, while the headsman in his long-skirted brown coat noted them on his lists as they passed through the little passaged archway on the right of the wide Palais steps. To-day over it you may faintly see the almost obscured letters, Buvette du Palais, and through its creaking gateway pass to a commonplace restaurant, once the waiting and hair-cropping room, from which the noble and vile of France came smiling and weeping to encounter the jeers of a roaring populace and the unstately tumbril.

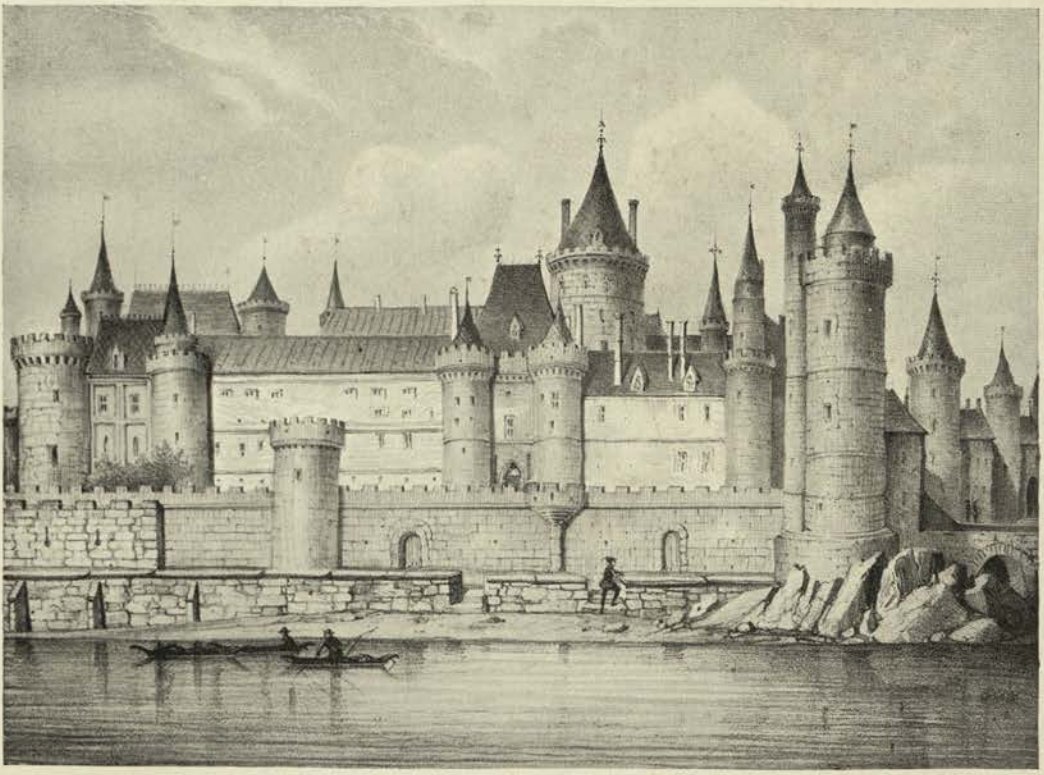
Across the river, by the Pont St. Michel, the Luxembourg Garden gates will welcome you to the shade of its tall yellow-grey barked trees, and the cheery laughter of children will drive away your sadness, as they steer their tiny barques under a sail-splashing fountain ; or maybe you may stumble across an artist acquaintance with whom you can argue out the colour-values of the flowers against the Palais walls, or that of a white-dressed nursemaid in shadow. Then close behind, on the highest point in Paris, the now secularised church of the Panthéon, in front of which Rodin's "Le Penseur" keeps thoughtful guard, covers the great dead in its vaults and breathes over the city.

From all around this hill of history triumphal buildings call, that mark the site of valiant deeds and keep within their walls priceless treasures of past and present Paris. Away down those slopes, too, Napoleon's tomb lies hidden beneath a dome of ever-golden light, and above the star-named Place de l'Etoile towers the Arc de Triomphe with its memory of Victory. By it sweep past the carriages of rich and poor to the outskirts and the woods. Pedestrians too pass by its shades to wander by the Cascade and shimmering lakes of the mazy Bois de Boulogne.

Here, hidden amidst tall leafy trees, the gay restaurant of the Pré-Catelan tempts the fashionable lover, while higher up the broad paths the rose garden of Bagatelle is in bloom, and nearer Paris, the Parc Monceau, with its laughing baby faces, asks too for remembrance.

Yet of all the choice of her verdure-clad squares and flower-decked lawns, the little angular space at the extreme end of the Ile de la Cité charms me most. In the very heart of Paris, surrounded by all the city's greatness, you can dream of it, under its leafy trees, while the birds sing and the river encircles it on its way to the sea.

LE GRAND CHÂTELET. LITHOGRAPH AFTER PERNOT
*(From "Le Vieux Paris." Pub. 1838–9)*



LE VIEUX LOUVRE (IN 1670). LITHOGRAPH AFTER PERNOT
*(From "Le Vieux Paris." Pub. 1838–9)*

LA PORTE DU TEMPLE. LITHOGRAPH AFTER PERNOT
*(From "Le Vieux Paris." Pub. 1838-9)*

LA PORTE ST. HONORÉ (IN THE XIIITH CENTURY)
*(From "Le Vieux Paris." Pub. 1838-9)*

LA BASTILLE (IN 1700). LITHOGRAPH AFTER PERNOT
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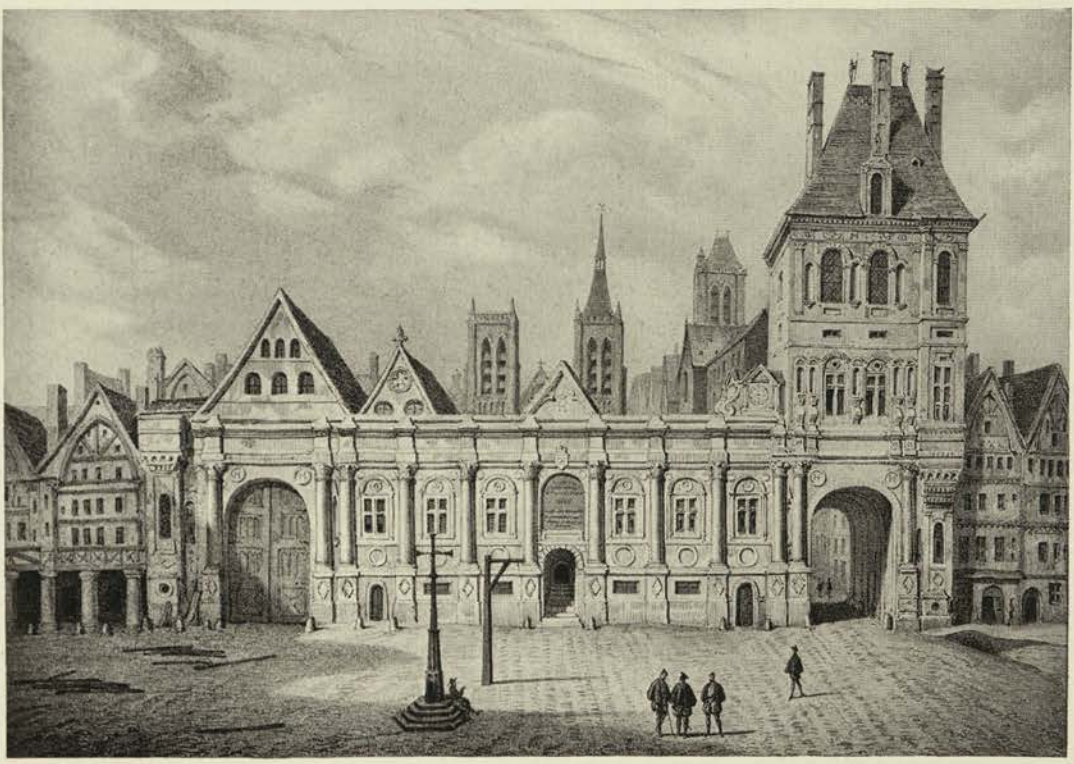

L'HÔTEL DE VILLE (IN 1583). LITHOGRAPH AFTER PERNOT
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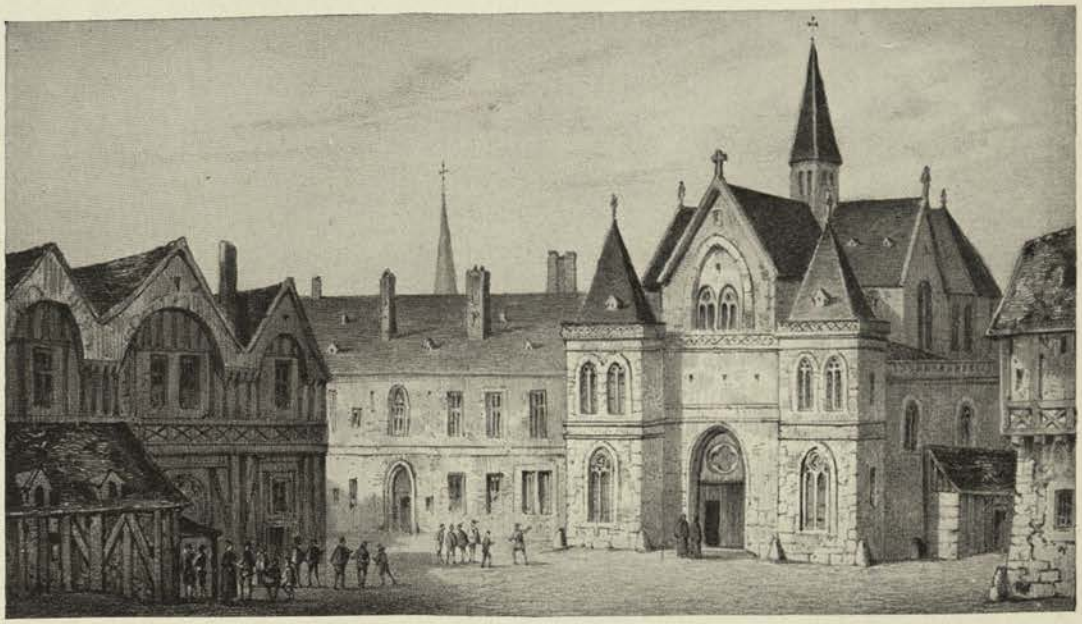

LE COLLÈGE DE LA SORBONNE (IN 1550)
LITHOGRAPH AFTER PERNOT
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LA PORTE DE BUCY (IN 1539)
LITHOGRAPH AFTER PERNOT
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JARDIN DES TUILERIES. DRAWING
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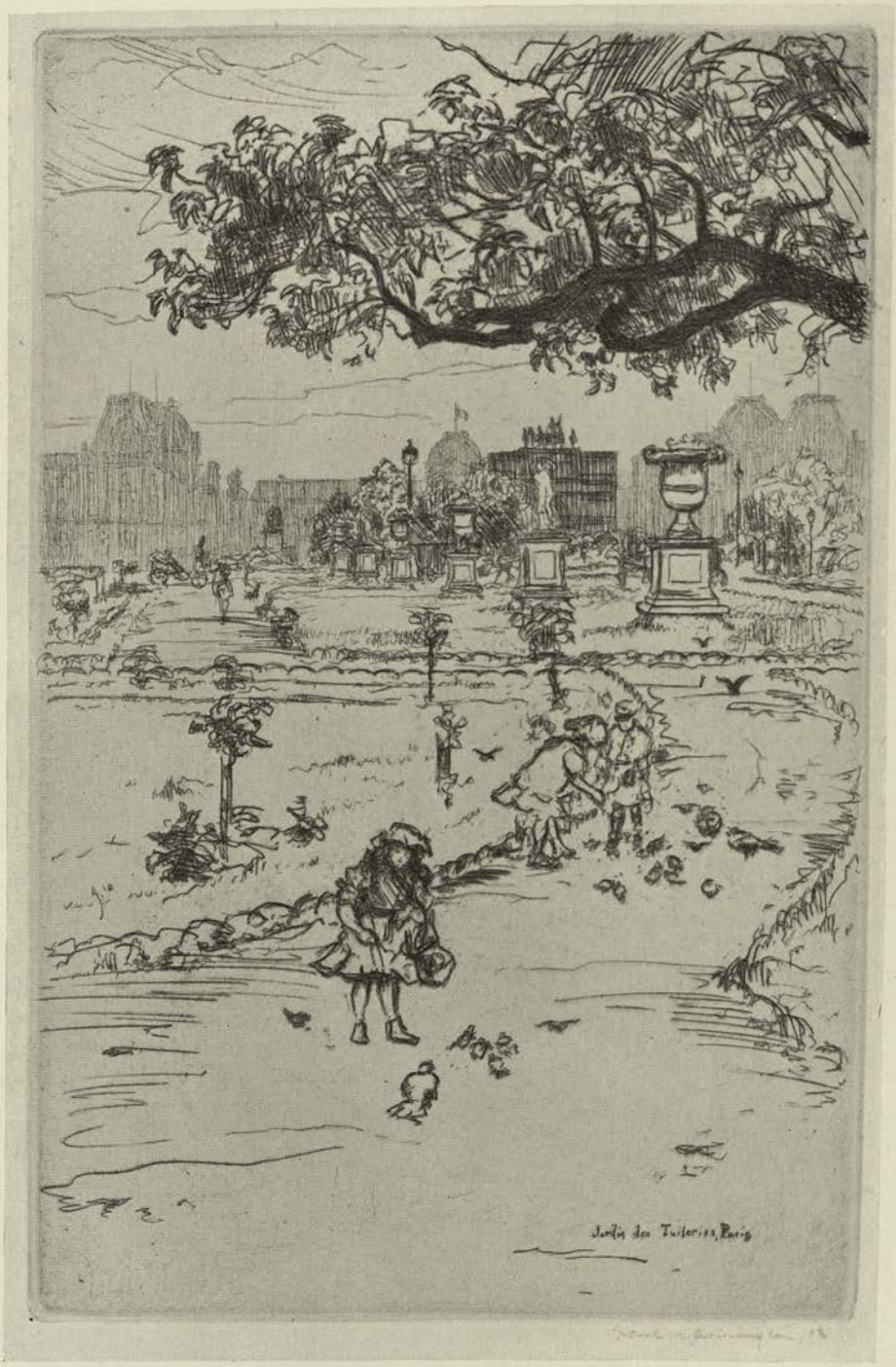
CHÂTEAU DES TUILERIES—CÔTÉ DU JARDIN. LITHOGRAPH AFTER J. JACOTTET

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LES TUILERIES. DRAWINGS
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PLACE DE LA CONCORDE. DRAWING BY FRANK M. ARMINGTON

PLACE DE LA CONCORDE. DRAWING
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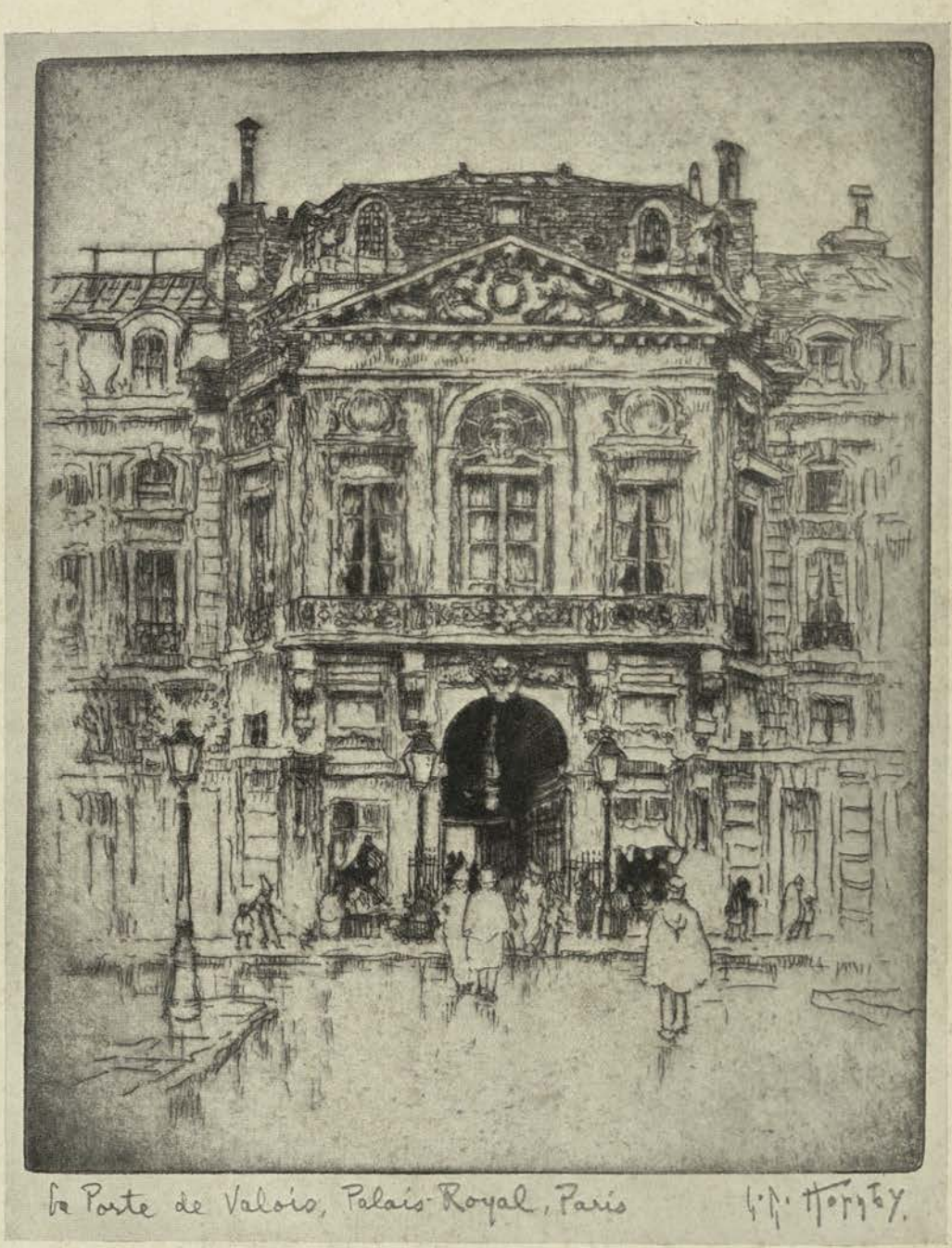
LA PLACE DE LA MADELEINE. ETCHING BY J. F. RAFFAELLI

VIEW FROM THE MADELEINE. ETCHING BY HERBERT HILLIER

LA COLONNE DE LA PLACE VENDÔME. LITHOGRAPH AFTER J. JACOTTET

VIEW OF THE PALAIS-ROYAL IN 1834, WITH THE NEW GALLERY BUILT BY ORDER OF THE DUC D'ORLÉANS (AFTERWARDS LOUIS PHILIPPE I). LITHOGRAPH AFTER ALBERT DELTON



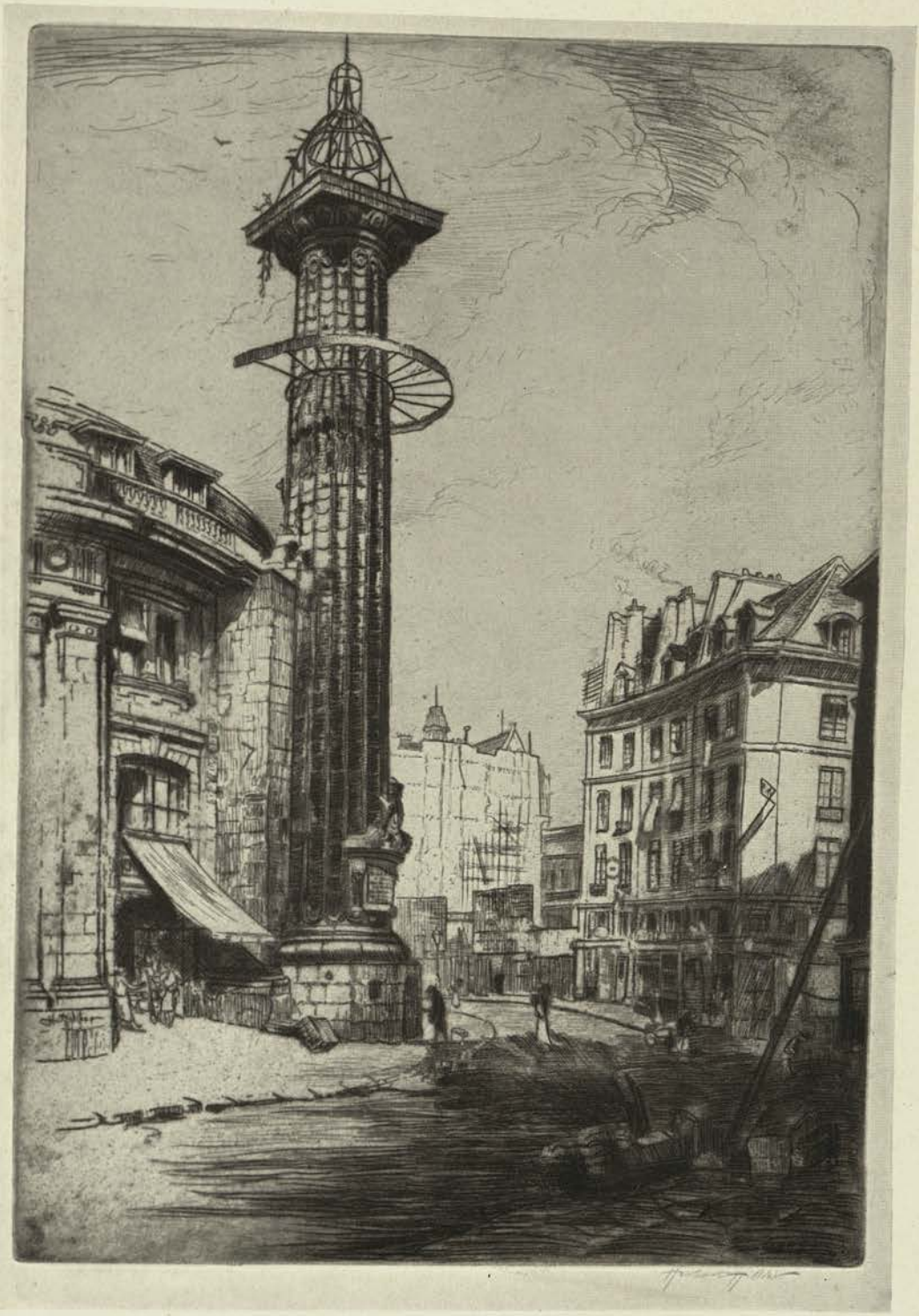

LA PORTE DE VALOIS, PALAIS-ROYAL
ETCHING BY LESTER G. HORNBY

PALAIS-ROYAL. DRAWING BY FRANK M. ARMINGTON

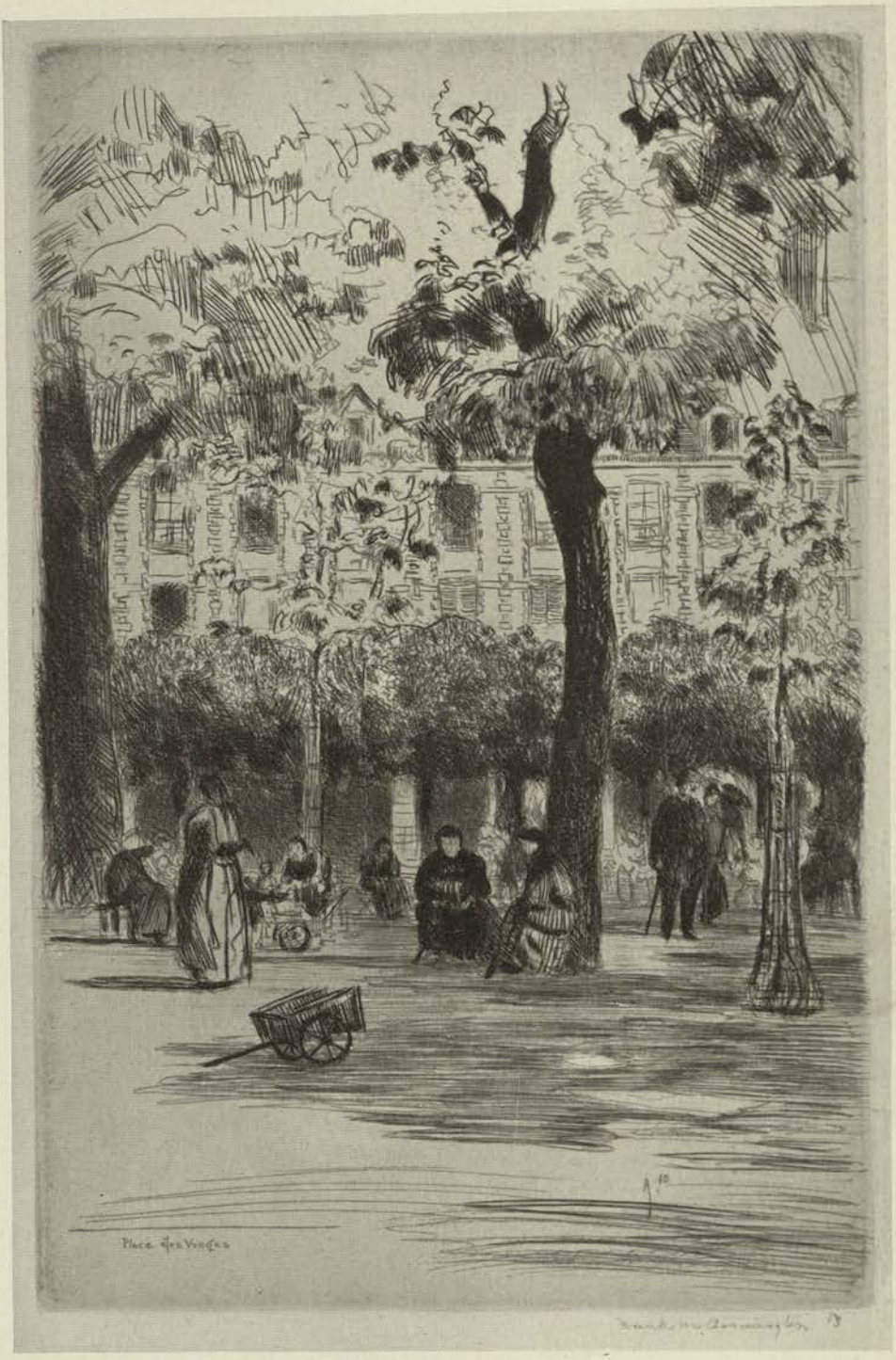
JARDIN DU PALAIS-ROYAL. DRAWING BY FRANK M. ARMINGTON

L'OPÉRA. ETCHING BY JOHN MARIN

LA PORTE ST. DENIS. ETCHING
BY LESTER G. HORNBY



LA COLONNE ASTROLOGIQUE DE CATHERINE DE MEDICIS. ETCHING BY HERBERT HILLIER




PLACE DES VOSGES. ETCHING
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JARDIN DU LUXEMBOURG. ETCHING BY EUG. BÉJOT, R.E.

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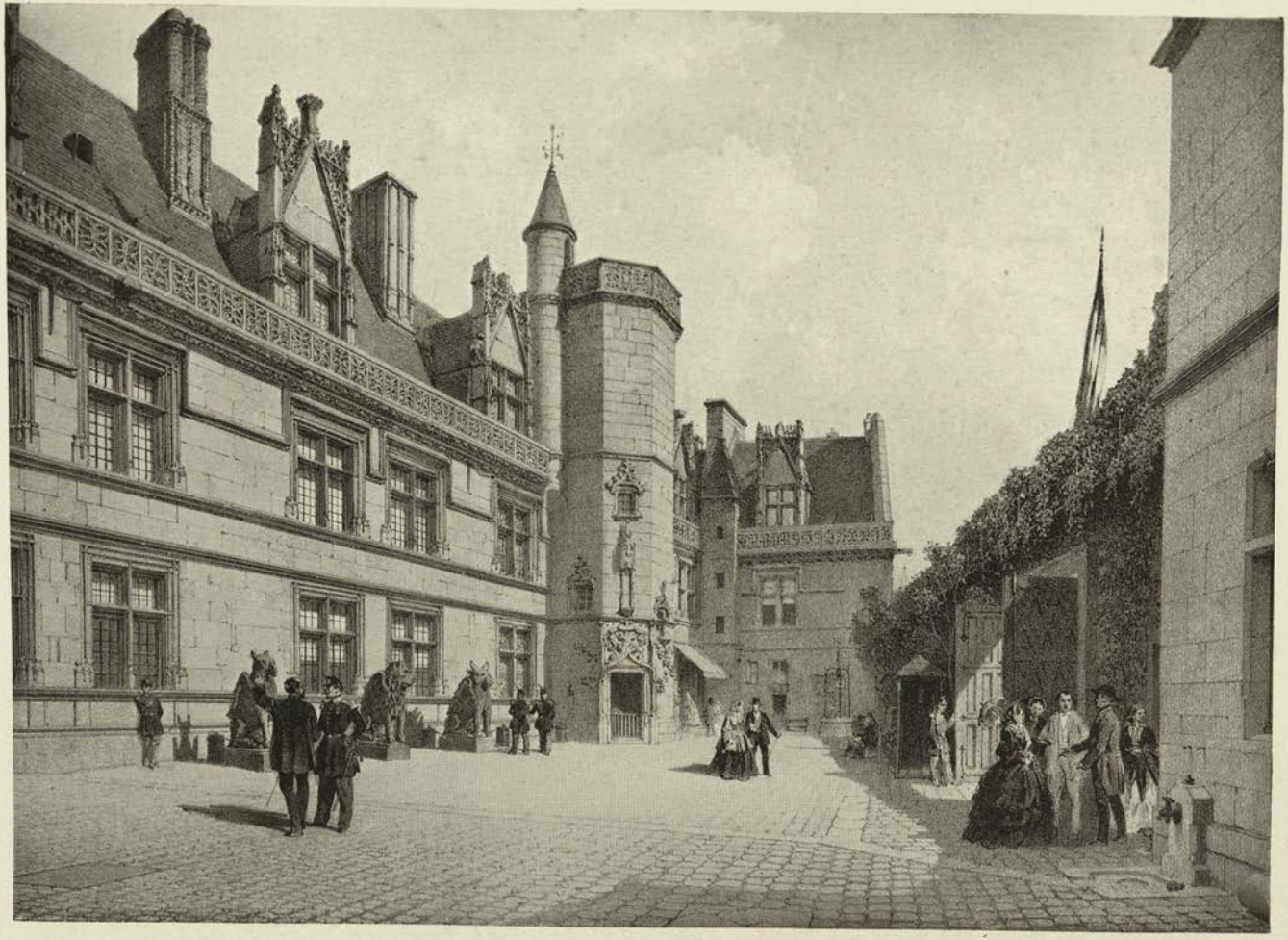
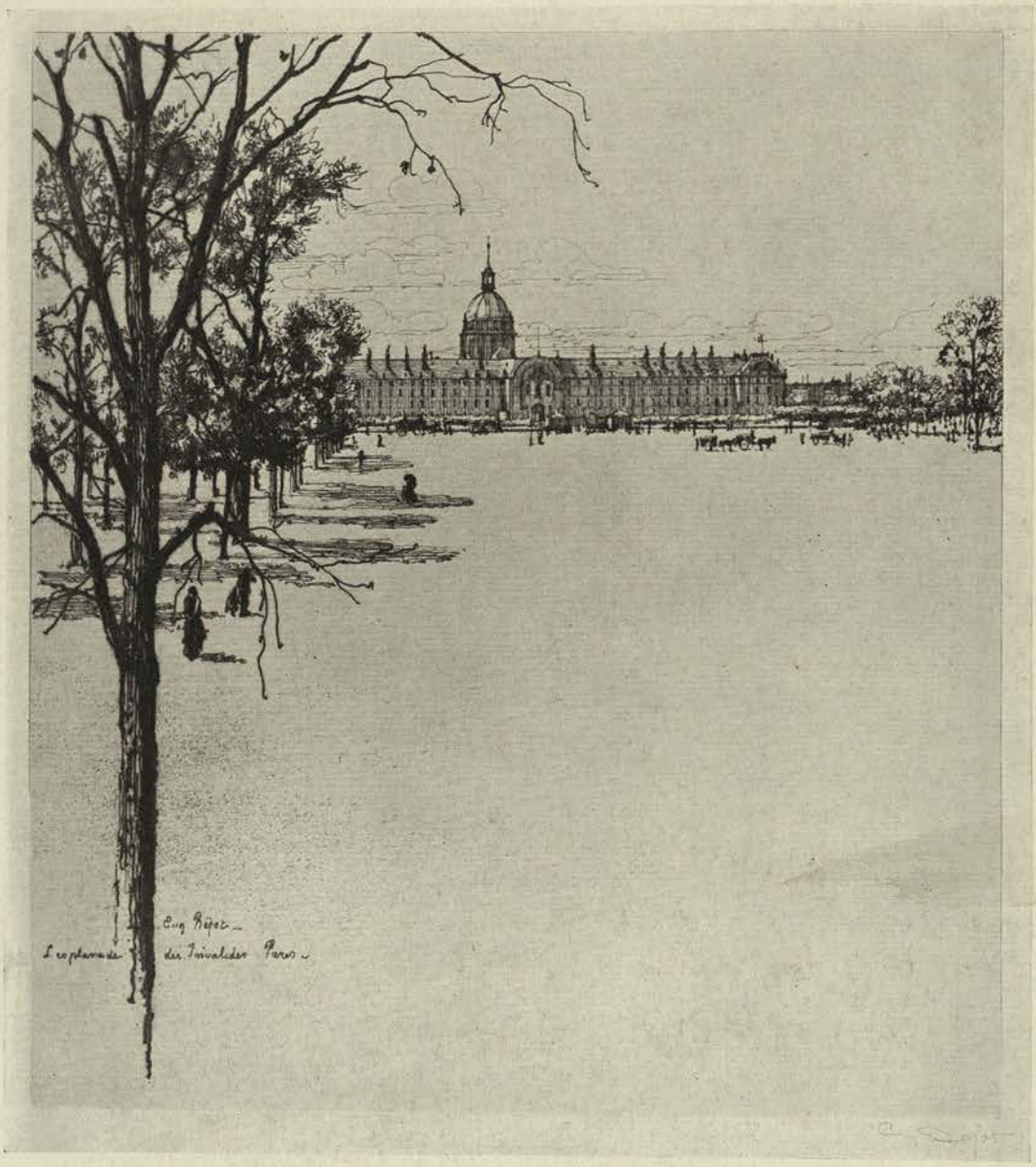
PLACE DE LA SORBONNE. DRAWING BY FRANK M. ARMINGTON

L'INSTITUT. ETCHING BY HERMAN A. WEBSTER



HÔTEL ET MUSÉE DE CLUNY. LITHOGRAPH AFTER PH. BENOIST




L'ESPLANADE DES INVALIDES
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LA PLACE DE L'INSTITUT. ETCHING BY EUG. BÉJOT, R.E.

L'ENTRÉE DU PARC MONCEAU. DRAWING
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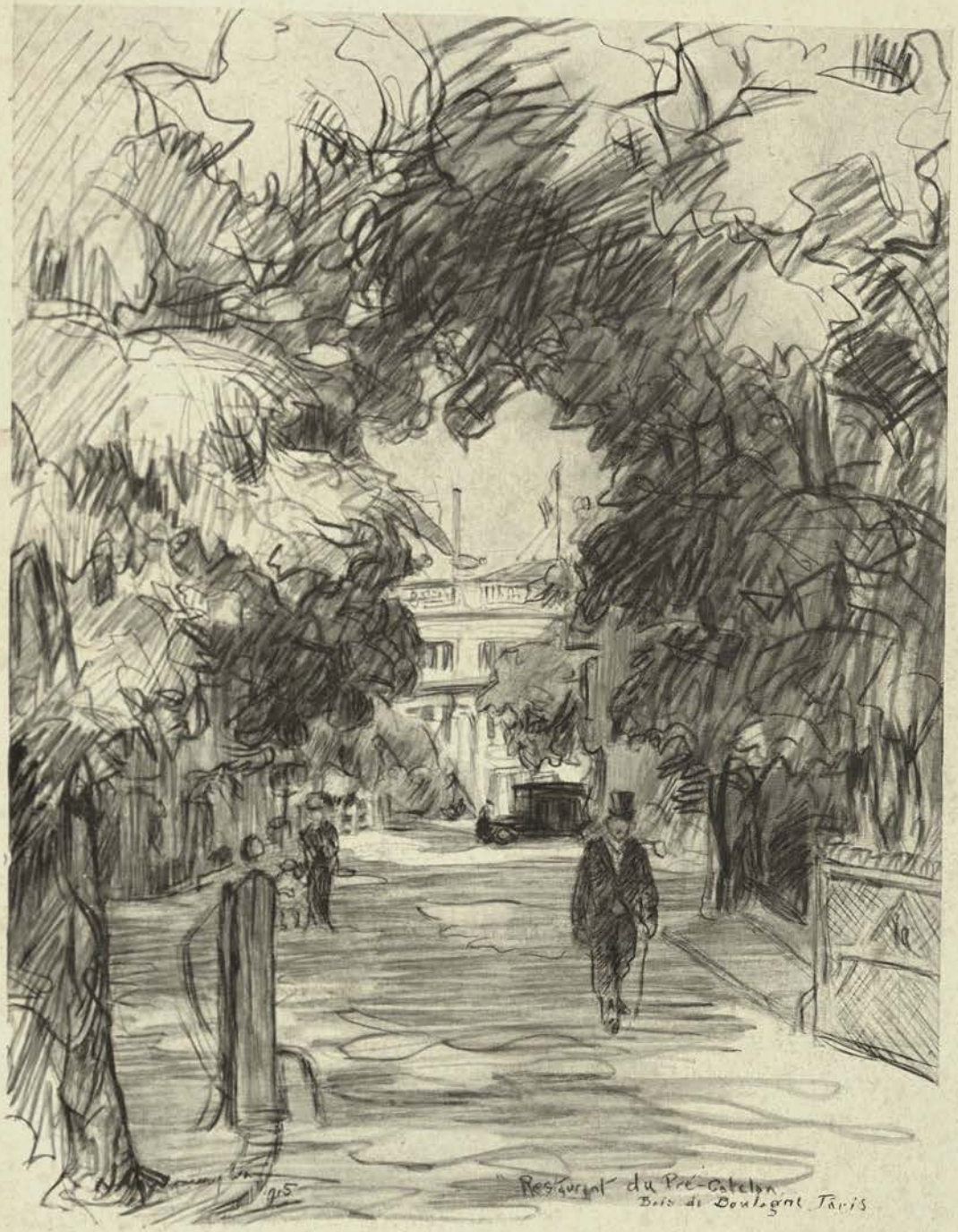


RESTAURANT DU PRÉ-CATELAN, BOIS DE BOULOGNE
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LA CASCADE, BOIS DE BOULOGNE. DRAWING BY FRANK M. ARMINGTON

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